PART FIRST. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART FIRST.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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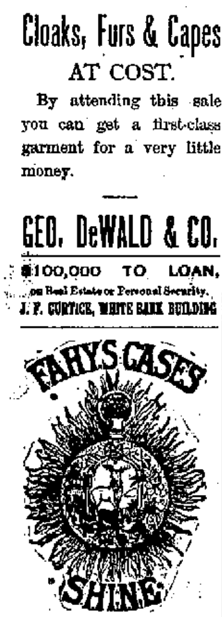

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THREW A BOMB

Filled With Shot and Slugs

In the French Chamber of Deputies.

Several Members and Attendants Reported Killed—The Police Suppressing Details.

PARIS, Dec. 9.—A bomb was exploded this afternoon in the chamber of deputies.

Suddenly, from the right of the gallery, some sort of a bomb was thrown or fell in the midst of the assembled deputies, causing a loud explosion and a scene of the greatest confusion.

The police, immediately after the explosion, closed all the doors of the chamber of deputies and refused to allow anybody to pass in or to pass out until the investigation is concluded.

It is said that one of the deputies, supposed to be Deputy Le Myre, and one of the attendants were killed and that a number of others were wounded. One of the reports has it that the deputy killed was not Le Myre de Villers, but a socialist deputy of a similar name. The explosion and the conflicting reports in circulation have caused the greatest excitement throughout Paris this afternoon.

The bomb, it is reported at this hour, was thrown at 4 o'clock exactly; its explosion caused the ladies in the gallery, which will now appear, was well filled, to fly shrieking from the spot. M. Burton Triabin, a newspaper man, who was on the floor of the chamber, was badly wounded in the forehead.

The floor and halls of the chamber of deputies are still filled with excited and frightened people and it seems impossible to learn the extent of the damage done, as the police have drawn a cordon around the spot, and until they see fit no details of the explosion will be allowed to reach the public. There are people who insist, in spite of the announcement of the police that nobody was killed outright, that two deputies were killed on the spot and that many were wounded. This report, however, is not believed to be correct, though it is believed that a number of deputies were wounded. Among the wounded deputies mentioned as being seriously wounded is M. Dumas, deputy from Allier.

It is said that the bomb seemed to be filled with shot or slugs, and that when it exploded these missiles were thrown with the greatest force in all directions, reaching even as high as the galleries. It is announced that the police have made several arrests from among the people in the galleries of the chamber of deputies at the time of the explosion. One of the persons arrested is said to have been the one who threw the bomb.

Full particulars regarding the explosion are still unobtainable as this dispatch is sent. The president of the chamber of deputies, M. Dupuy, is reported to have behaved with the most admirable coolness and courage and is said to have done everything possible to restore order and to prevent a spread of the panic which seized upon everybody present when the explosion took place.

LATER.

When quiet was somewhat restored, it is now announced, it was discovered that nobody was killed outright and M. Dupuy rang the bell of the president of the chamber calling the deputies to resume their seats.

IN UNCLE SAM'S GRIP.

Two Ohio Men Charged With Conducting a Lottery.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 9.—The United States grand jury indicted Lorenzo D. Abell, a well-to-do jeweler of Zanesville, and David Harris, a wealthy farmer of near that place, for mailing letters concerning a lottery. Abell and Harris had formed a partnership, of which Abell was business manager, and advertised a great gift enterprise to take place on November 30, when $80,000 would be given away. This prize, they claimed, was represented by a farm and six horses. Tickets were disposed of at $1 apiece. It is claimed the farm and horses were not worth one-tenth the $80,000. Letters were sent through the mails advertising the scheme, and the men were arrested.

A DISHONEST ALDERMAN.

The Grand Rapids Council Impeaches a Crooked Member.

GRAND RAPIDS, Dec. 9.—After a stormy session Thursday night, lasting five hours, the board of aldermen impeached Alderman George H. Jacobs and expelled him from the common council. Jacobs was convicted on three counts, charging him with malfeasance, embezzlement and forgery. The vote was unanimous, every member of the council being satisfied as to the guilt of the accused. Jacobs was chairman of the committee on bridges and had charge of the work of repairing. He collected the money for the work from the city treasurer and charged the city more time than the men were employed and at a greater rate per day. The total amount of his peculations is not believed to be large. It is alleged that some of the aldermen who voted to impeach him have not kept their official skirts clean, and more revelations, it is said, will follow. It is believed that criminal proceedings will be brought against Jacobs to compel him to restore the money he obtained dishonestly.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mr. Gladstone Much Improved in Health.

Cholera in Teneriffe—Snyder Under Surveillance—Archduke Otto Wounded.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Mr. Gladstone is much better today, and will, it is expected, be able to proceed to Brighton this afternoon.

The Captain of a steamer which has arrived at Plymouth from Teneriffe reports that, owing to the cholera epidemic which prevails there, all visitors are leaving the island and the natives are greatly alarmed.

The police yesterday arrested the man Snyder, in whose apartments a large quantity of dynamite was found recently, but released him after he had explained that he was an American inventor, and that he had not registered his new explosive in England because he supposed that its registry in America was sufficient. The police will continue to watch his movements.

The Archduke Otto, a son of the Archduke Carl Ludwig, and a nephew of the emperor, shot himself in the left arm today while practicing with a revolver. The ball has been extracted and the archduke is doing well.

BERLIN, Dec. 9.—Professor Koch will shortly publish a comprehensive work on the improved method of using tuberculin and the diagnostic properties of tuberculin for the recognition of tuberculosis in its first stages.

MADRID, Dec. 9.—It is reported that fresh negotiations are pending with the United States in regard to the duty on sugar.

DECLARED INSANE.

The Sad Mental Condition of Miss Anna Geary.

Imagines She is Married, Has Lots of Money and Somebody is Trying to Kill Her.

Dr. McCaskey, with Justices Tancey and Ryan, held an inquest this morning in regard to the mental condition of Miss Anna Geary and declared her to be of unsound mind.

The woman is a domestic, unmarried and thirty years of age. Some three weeks ago she was taken seriously ill with la grippe, and when she recovered her mind was badly shattered and full of all kinds of delirious notions. She was violent in her actions and required restraint and watching to prevent her doing bodily harm to herself.

She imagined that she was married, had lots of money and that some person was following her around to kill her so that they could get possession of her wealth.

Before being taken ill she was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor. The young woman will be sent to the insane asylum.

COURT NEWS.

In the circuit court Lena M. Goldthart was given a divorce from Howard H. Goldthart. E. V. Harris was attorney for the plaintiff.

Ed. Woodward was admitted to the bar this morning in the superior court on motion of Hon. J. M. Barrett. He is a talented young man, and will be an ornament to the profession.

Frank Shaw will have his trial for petit larceny in the circuit court on next Monday. The next criminal case to be tried after his will be that against Jesse York for burglary.

Johnson Baxter, of Monroeville, was arrested by Constable Bagly on a charge of frequenting a gambling. He was brought to Fort Wayne and gave bond yesterday morning for his appearance next Tuesday at 2 o'clock before Justice Wilkinson.

CONTINENTAL CHESS CONTEST.

American and Canadian Players to Meet at Terre Haute in February.

KOKOMO, Ind., Dec. 9.—The masters' continental chess congress will be held at Terre Haute commencing, February 27, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Chess club. According to the arrangements so far completed, forty contestants have been provided for, of which twenty-six must be on hand when the day and hour for play arrives. Each contestant is to play one game with every other, draws not counted, in accordance with the rules for scoring adopted by the sixth American chess congress, except when modified to fit circumstances of the tournament. The congress will be open to all the recognized chess masters of the world, but is designed particularly to encourage the chess talent of the United States and Canada, by admitting the champions of the several states and provinces and the strong players of the various prominent chess clubs of both countries. Each contestant will pay the nominal entrance fee of $25, but receives in return a ticket providing him with free board and lodging during the entire tournament.

The English Lutheran church, corner of Wayne and Clinton streets, will give their annual sale and supper Wednesday, December 20. Every effort is being made to make it equal or excel that of previous years.

Among the tramps who spent the night at the police station was one fellow who was sick with inflammation of the lungs. The county physician is looking after him.

DON'T WANT MARTIN.

Governor Lee's Friends Are on the Warpath.

They Talk of Refusing to Abide by the Decision of the Caucus and Vote for the Governor.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—A movement was started in Washington today to undo the work of the democratic caucus of the Virginia legislature whereby Mr. Martin was nominated for United States senator last night and Governor Lee defeated. Governor Lee has numerous friends here, and some of them have been discussing the advisability of an effort to have his supporters in the caucus refuse to abide by its decision and vote for Lee in the legislature when the election comes up. Several days are yet to elapse before the election takes place and their plan, as one of them put it today, is to "build fires under all the members' and force a change of verdict. They will do this by appealing to the constituents of the democratic members, and they think if they can get thirty or forty of those who voted for Lee in caucus to bolt, they can still insure his election by turning a number of those who voted for Martin to the support of Lee, and by getting the full populist and republican vote of the legislature and thus secure a majority of the entire legislature.

SWINDLED FARMERS.

Requisitions Issued by Governor Matthews for Ludlum and Kostetter.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 9.—Requisitions for the arrest of Louis Ludlum and Cameron Kostetter have been issued by the governor, and it is believed at the state department that the arrest of the men will soon be accomplished. It is popularly supposed that the two men have swindled the farmers of Indiana out of $50,000 or $60,000. The specific charge is that of swindling Jacob Catt, a Hancock county farmer, out of $4,500. One of the men endeavored to buy Catt's farm. While looking over the broad acres they met a third man, who engaged the prospective purchaser in a game of monte. The purchaser borrowed $4,500 from Catt and won a similar amount from the stranger. Catt received the $9,000 in a box to keep until morning. When he opened it he found that the box was filled with paper. O. P. Brown, a Park county farmer, was also placed on the list for $6,000. There were about twenty of the victims found in the rural districts of Indiana who contributed from $3,000 to $6,500 each. It was not in Indiana alone that they found unsophisticated farmers, but Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky produced several victims for the same crowd that worked this state. It is stated that before the confidence men left the country they secured about $500,000. Indictments representing $150,000 stealings are now hanging over them, but so far they have eluded the authorities. An effort was made to bring them back to the state some time ago, but the extradition papers were faulty. The United States court here took the cases up at one time, but did not get possession of the offenders.

INDICTED FOR COUNTERFEITING.

Indiana Merchants Used Coin as an Advertising Agent.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 9.—The federal grand jury has propounded a question to Judge Baker, which is new to the federal court, and consists in the use of the silver dollar as an advertising agent. Several merchants in the state have pasted on one side of the coin the printed advertisement of the firm. Treasury Agent Carter recently wrote to the department at Washington in reference to such use of the coins. He was informed that the treasury department would not receive coin on which an advertisement had been pasted. Mr. Carter called the attention of the grand jury to the practice of merchants and the result was that Alexander Sanderson and George Taylor, of Terre Haute, who have been using coins for advertising purposes, were indicted for counterfeiting. The principal object in indicting them was to make a test case.

CLARA WEIKER'S BROTHER

Sent Up From Van Wert for Stealing From His Employer.

At Van Wert yesterday, A. R. Weiker, brother of Clara Weiker, the child murderess, who is in jail at Lima, Ohio, awaiting the sentence for manslaughter, was sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen months for burglary. He clerked in Yoh's grocery, and for some time his employer has been missing money from the cash drawer. A trap was finally set to catch the thief, Weiker helping to set it. Several pieces of money were privately marked and put in the money drawer among other. The next morning all the money was missing except the marked pieces. This cast suspicion on him, and he was soon captured.

THE POPE

Will Celebrate Mass at St. Peter's Tomorrow.

ROME, Dec. 9.—The pope tomorrow will celebrate mass at St. Peter's cathedral, in the presence of the Catholic society in Rome, who number 10,000. About 3,000 invitations to attend the services have been issued to persons outside of the society.

SUDDENLY CALLED.

J. B. Sheldon, of St. Louis, Falls Dead in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—James B. Sheldon, of St. Louis, connected with the Columbian Underground Electric Traction company, of that city, fell dead some time after midnight in front of the ladies entrance to the Grand Pacific hotel, on Jackson street. His body was found about 3 o'clock this morning. Appoplexy is supposed to be the cause.

HAWAIIAN AFFAIRS.

Ambassador Bayard Talks on the Subject.

Says There Can be No Reversal of the President's Policy of Non-Interference.

AUKLAND, N. Z., Dec. 9.—The steamer Monowai has arrived here. She left Honolulu on November 24. All was quiet there. The news that President Cleveland intended to restore the queen caused great excitement. It was discussed by excited knots of people on the streets and was generally condemned. A rumor was published in the Honolulu papers that the queen was not willing to accept a restoration unless she was assured of the armed support of the United States. The Hawaiian Gazette of November 21, says:

"In the meantime the monarchy is not restored, and will not be unless by the armed forces of the United States, whose forces must then continue to support the ex-queen. There may be small differences in the ranks of the party of reform, but we are today more united and determined on the main issue than ever before. Let every reformer put aside all other and minor things. As surely as there is an eternal justice overruling the affairs of men so surely will the gross outrage propose to be done to Hawaii fail of its purpose."

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Neither the foreign officer or the Hawaiian charge d'affairs have any advices concerning Hawaii from Auckland today. A representative of the Associated Press showed United States Ambassador Bayard the special dispatch to the Associated Press from Auckland. Mr. Bayard read it with great interest and then said:

"President Cleveland will deal with the weak Hawaiians in the most magnanimous manner and will not force upon them a government which they have not had a full chance to discuss."

Regarding the dispatches published in the Times and Standard today, stating that President Cleveland is about to reverse his Hawaiian policy and that new instructions to this effect have been sent to Hawaii, adding that the whole question would be sent to congress, Mr. Bayard said:

"There can be no reversal of a policy based simply upon justice and magnanimity, President Cleveland's policy is one of non interference; he had no intention of entering the islands and deposing the government. The policy of the United States towards Hawaii is not a selfish one; on the contrary, President Cleveland's intention is that no advantage shall be taken of the weakness of the queen's party and that the queen shall have a full and fair chance to get on her feet, if possible. Hawaiian native autonomy has been so enfeebled by late events that I hardly know whether the Hawaiians can avail themselves of the offer of the president to restore the queen to the throne."

The Associated Press representative at Liverpool has been informed that T. H. Davis, the guardian of the princess, is now in Hawaii and the princess is on the continent. The latest news received by a representative of Mr. Davis in this country confirms the special dispatch to the Associated Press from Auckland, New Zealand.

IMPEACHMENT

Proceedings May be Commenced Against Governor Waite.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 9.—The News today says that if Governor Waite calls an extra session of the legislature to forward his silver scheme, impeachment proceedings will be begun. The governor's actions in the penitentiary muddle would furnish the ground for the proposed impeachment.

LOCAL LINES.

Colonel Zollinger is in Detroit.

Born, to Mr and Mrs. Dennis Murphy, of No. 51 Prince street—a boy.

Theodore Thieme, of the Wayne Knitting mills, is home from New York.

Mrs. G. N. Worley has disposed of her property at Williamsport and has removed to Ossian.

John Bower, of the Fort Wayne Business college, is visiting his home at Sheldon over Sunday.

Miss Mamie Stemen sang some beautiful solos at the Berry Street M. E. church last evening. Her voice is exceedingly sweet and well cultured.

C. F. Knothe, of the electric light works, was severely injured by being struck in the face by a piece of timber. He will be laid up for a day or two.

Miss Myrtle Shields, of East Superior street, has been engaged to give "Keenan's Bold Charge" before the S. of V. December 20, 1893, at Standard hall.

A sleighing party to have been given last evening by Miss May Canley and Miss Rose Sieman was postponed on account of illness to a number of the invited guests. The party intended to go to Arcola.

Mrs. Austin, widow of the late W. M. Austin and mother of Daniel S. and of the late A. B. Austin, is lying at the point of death at her son's residence, No. 156 Horace street. Mrs. Austin has been a resident of this county for the past forty years, but has not been out of her room for the past three years. She has been a reader of THE SENTINEL for thirty years. Her many friends will regret to learn of her serious condition.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

So Says the Confidential Advisor of Governor Altgeld.

The Governor Does Not Believe in Being Elected Senator During His Term as Governor.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—The visit of Governor Altgeld and other prominent Illinois democrats to Washington in connection with the unveiling of the statue of General Shield has had, as an incident, the usual talk of combinations in Illinois politics. Most of this talk centers around the United States senatorship, and is interesting from the fact that the senate will choose a successor to Senator Cullum.

There is every indication of a lively struggle among the democrats for senatorial honors. Governor John P. Altgeld, Colonel Morrison, Congressman Andrew J. Hunter, Supreme Court Judge Simeon P. Shope, General John C Black and, National Committeeman Benj. Cable have all been mentioned, but the subjoined statement from Hon. Wm S. Cantrell, one of the warmest personal friends of Governor Altgeld and his confidential advisor, seems to take him out of the race. Mr. Cantrell today said:

"I think the time has come for definitely announcing that Governor Altgeld will not be a candidate for United States senator next year. You can state this with perfect confidence. The truth is the governor believes the democratic party should be true to its traditions and politics, and one of these traditions has been that it is unconstitutional for a governor to be elected United States senator during the term of office for which he was elected as governor, and Governor Altgeld is determined, at the expense of any legitimate ambition he may have, to preserve the spirit as well as the letter of the constitution, in this regard. So he will not be a candidate for senator next year."

Governor Altgeld and the other state officers left today for Illinois.

MANY PROTESTS

Against the Provisions of the Tariff Bill.

But the Members of the Ways and Means Committee Are Not Inclined to be Influenced.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Since the tariff bill was first announced by the ways and means committee many protests against its provisions have been made, a large number of which are letters addressed to individual members of the committee claiming that the bill means destruction to the particular lines of business the writers are engaged in. Some of those who will feel the effects of the measure come in person to Washington to make protests against what they consider grave mistakes by the majority of the members of the ways and means committee. These delegations generally manage to see either Chairman Wilson or other members of the committee through the men who represent their district in the house. The members of the committee have been very patient in listening to what their various visitors have to say, but they have not been inclined to be influenced by the complaints. One of the majority members of the committee said that hundreds of letters are being received, but they are the same as always follow any attempt at tariff revision. The men who write them represent that their interests will be ruined, but, said this member here, "they are never ruined and in time everything will come out all right." Some of the democratic members of the house have been as importunate as these visiting delegations but even they have not been able to get at the committee with any better results. While a number of the representatives are quite severe in their denunciation of the bill or some particulars in it, there is no probability that enough of them will be found to make any such opposition as will seriously disturb its framers.

The civil service association, an organization of about one hundred clerks in the treasury department, has gone out of existence. The purposes of the association were to extend the civil service in every way consistent with the laws and also to cultivate among the clerks a spirit of pride in their work. A number of meetings were held until shortly after Secretary Carlisle came into office. While the officials of the new administration evinced no active opposition to the scheme, it is said they made it plain that their wishes were that no such association should exist. About the only thing of importance done by the association was to forward to the president a petition asking him to make it compulsory for chiefs of divisions to take the civil service examinations the same as clerks. The president, it is said, took no notice of the petition.

If persons in the city who want government garden seeds, will send me their names and addresses on a postal card directed to Washington, I will try to supply them.

9 ii W. F. McNAGNY.

For that awful cough take Father's Cough Balsam and don't let them sell you anything else. 24ts

Gold Spectacles at F. J. Voirol's.

Pure Ice Cream, Sherbets and Fancy Water Ices at the Chicago Bakery. We manufacture Ice Cream and Ices every day all winter.

25-sat-tf W. F. GELLER.

ONLY TWO YEARS!

Is the Verdict of the Jury in the Crye Murder Case.

The Sentence Considered a Very Light One and the Prisoner is Satisfied With It.

The argument in the case of the state against Hugh Crye for the murder of Leonidas Boyer at Edgerton was finished at 10 o'clock this morning by Prosecuting Attorney Colerick and Judge O'Rourke then delivered the charge to the jury.

They retired to their rooms for deliberation at 11 o'clock and by 1:30 o'clock had agreed upon a verdict. The court room was crowded when Judge O'Rourke arrived at 2 o'clock to receive it and all waited anxiously to hear the result.

The verdict of the jury was handed the judge, and he read it as follows:

"We, the jury, find Hugh Crye guilty of manslaughter and fix his punishment at two years in the state penitentiary."

The prisoner was affected by the verdict, and seemed pleased with it, as did also his attorneys, Judge Colerick and J. R. Bittinger, who, from the charge of the judge, had expected a more severe sentence.

The general impression is that the sentence is a very light one, as but few anticipated that it would be less than five years. The fact, however, that his father had been killed in the bloody fight was perhaps considered by the jury and this and other circumstances led them to return the verdict that they did.

As Judge O'Rourke began reading the verdict the prisoner, who was sitting near the trial table, turned his head and looked the judge squarely in the face.

"We, the jury, do find the defendant guilty of manslaughter," read the judge, and then Cyre dropped his eyes and appeared down-hearted, but as the judge finished, "and fix his punishment at two years," a look of cheer stole over the prisoner's face and he seemed to feel that he had got off easily. Judge Colerick was the first to grasp him by the hand and then Mr. Bittinger, and both of them said in an interview that their client had got off better than they expected he would.

OVER A PRECIPICE

Plunges a Southern Pacific Passenger Train.

EL PASO, Texas, Dec. 9.—3:15 P. M.—An entire Southern Pacific passenger train went over a high embankment at Lordsburg, New Mexico.

THE SAFE BLOWN OPEN

And Robbed of Its Contents by the Daltons.

DALLAS, Texas, Dec. 9.—The safe of the Plano National bank, at Plano, was blown to pieces last night and robbed of all the currency and part of the gold in it, from $6,000 to $8,000. The robbers took no silver. The bank kept the bulk of its fund in a Dallas bank.

It has been reported for some days that the Dalton gang has been camping near Plano of late, and it is believed they were the robbers, particularly as a letter was recently found warning the people of Dallas county that the Daltons had planned to rob several banks in this section.

MAY BE LYNCHED.

A Brutal Murder Committed by a Negro in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 9—A fifteen-year-old negro, named Sod Horner, attempted to outrage Miss Lizzie Keller, a sixteen year-old white girl and the daughter of a prominent family, on the road one mile from Harrisburg last evening, when the girl fought desperately and saved her honor, but sacrificed her life. The negro cut her throat with his pocket knife and then took to the woods. Information is hourly expected that he has been lynched.

"AMERICAN HERCULES"

Dead From Paralysis at Bloomington, Ill.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 9.—The "American Hercules" died here this morning from paralysis, aged fifty-eight. He was Wm. Sparks, who for a quarter of a century was a prominent feature of the performance of America's most famous circuses. He was a cannon ball manipulator and general athlete.

W. L. BOISE INDICTED

For Trying to Unlawfully Land Chinese.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 9.—Whitney L. Boise, chairman of the republican state central committee, has been indicted on the charge of conspiring to unlawfully land Chinese. The indictment was returned last night, but was not made public until today.

PETER PRUNTY DEAD.

He Was Wounded by Burglars on November 15.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Peter Prunty died today from injuries received at the time his father, a city employe, was killed and sister wounded by burglars, who raided the Prunty home on November 15. The supposed murderers are in custody.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Reserve, increase, $469,525; loans, increase, $2,553,500; specie, increase, $540,700; legal tender, increase, $1,292,100; deposits, increase, $5,457,100; circulation, decrease, $56,100. The banks now hold $76,604,425 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

SLAGLE SAND BAGGED.

A Festive Foot Pad Gets in His Work.

Well Known C. R. & I. Engineer the Victim of a Dastardly Assault—Taken Home.

The festive foot pad got in his work at an early hour this morning and laid out a well-known railway engineer.

At 1:30 a. m. Levi H. Slagle, better known as "Harvey," an engineer on the G. R. & I. railway, was on his way to the round house to go out on his run on train No. 5. Not far from the old Sullivan house, in the southern part of the city, he was attacked by a footpad, who struck at him with a sand bag. Mr. Slagle was carrying his overalls in one hand and his lunch basket in the other. He threw up his overalls to ward off the blow and succeeded in partially protecting himself. The sand bag, however, came down upon his head with fearful force, felling him to the sidewalk. He yelled at the top of his voice and the footpad replied by giving the prostrate man a half dozen or so kicks. The highwayman then attempted to go through Slagle's pant's pockets but was prevented from doing so very quickly on account of an overcoat, which "Harvey" wore buttoned up tightly. While the robber was attempting to unbutton the overcoat another railroad man ran up and the villain fled.

Mr. Slagle was tenderly picked up and was taken to his home, No. 22 Fisher street, in a cab. He reported at the round house, but was too badly used up to go out on his run.

STRANGELY MISSING.

Arthur V. Jones Gone Since Early Last June.

Left His Clothing and All His Personal Effects and Has Never Written or Been Heard of.

Arthur V. Jones, a young man well known in this city, and who has made Fort Wayne his home for some years, has been mysteriously missing since last June, and no one knows his present whereabouts. Some think he has been foully dealt with, and others that he has been sick and unable to write. A few days ago his father, William Jones, came to this city from Kokomo to try and get some clue as to the whereabouts of his son. The father is almost distracted.

When last seen Jones was in the employ of a South Calhoun street business house as a porter. He disappeared one day leaving all his clothes and personal effects. As he never came back after them they were taken to the home of his sister on Lafayette street. The missing young man was about twenty-two years of age and weighed 140 pounds. He was dressed in a dark suit of clothes.

The father heard that the young man was in Muncie and fears that perhaps he contracted small pox and is either dead or in the pest house. The city police have been asked to look up the missing man.

VOTING FOR OFFICERS.

Fort Wayne Societies Being Shaken Up Lively.

Woman's Relief Corps—Sion S. Bass Post—National Union—Trades and Labor Council and Others.

Last night the Woman's Relief corps of the Sion S. Bass post, G. A. R., met at their hall, over 80 Calhoun street, and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. Edsall; senior vice president, Mrs. Belle Doyle; junior vice president, Miss Ida Kickley; chaplain, Mrs. Libby Hutchison; treasurer, Mrs. Clara White; conductor, Miss Anna Garrison; guard, Miss Ella Lawrence; delegate to state convention, Mrs. Emma Hilton; alternate, Mrs. Jennie Klinger.

SION S. BASS POST.

Last evening the Sion S. Bass post No. 40 G. A. R., met at their hall, over 80 Calhoun street, and held their annual election of officers, which resulted as follows: Post commander, James Ligget; senior vice commander, William Holverstot; junior vice commander, William McMakin; surgeon, T. M. McCormack; chaplain, D. Beaber; officer of the day, John Soliday; quartermaster, Sol Soliday; officer of the guard, John Kress; trustees, I. N. Medaker, A. Kintz, H. C. McMakin; delegates to the state encampment, Wm McMakin, Geo. Geller, J. B. White, R. Johnson, C. Newcomer; alternates, Wm Eagle, Jasper Edsall, Theodore Bly, John L. Soliday, Samuel Hench.

THE KEKIONGA COUNCIL.

The Kekionga council, No. 93, of the National Union, elected officers last night at their hall in the Bass block. The results were as follows: President, H. A. Howe; vice president, John Miller; speaker, Thomas Meegan; financial secretary, Harry Templar, treasurer, J. H. Tibbles; usher, E. J. Hollister; sergeant, Fred Harmeyer; doorkeeper, W. G. Baman; trustees, B. W. Skelton; O. E. Bradway, G. H. Judy; representative to state assembly, George D. Adams.

TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.

Last evening the Trades and Labor council, at their rooms, 140 Calhoun street, elected officers as follows: President, John Brunskill; vice president, T. Potter; secretary, H. A. Rodgers; sergeant-at-arms, John Koch; treasurer, L. G. Kaston; executive board, Miss Amanda White, J. Sunderland, Charles Selman, G. Hartman and J. W. Chambers.

MORTUARY RECORD.

Death of Mrs. Mary Golden, a Well Known Woman.

John Backes, of Bloomingdale, Dies After a Long and Painful Illness—Other Deaths.

Mrs. Mary Golden, wife of Patrick Golden, deceased, died yesterday evening at 11 o'clock at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Nesbit, in Madison township. The deceased was one of the oldest residents of Fort Wayne, coming here with her husband in 1853. Mr. Golden was a foreman on the Pittsburg road and helped build it out of Fort Wayne. Mrs. Golden removed from this city to the residence of her daughter about two months ago. Interment Monday at 9 o'clock at Monroeville.

BALMAN.

Mrs. Henrietta Balman, aged seventy-five years, died today from old age. She was well known throughout the city and county. The funeral will be held at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Fink, corner of Walton avenue and Pontiac street on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Sauer will officiate.

BACKES.

John Backes, a well-known resident of Fort Wayne, died this morning at his home, No. 30 East Third street, Bloomingdale, after a long illness. He has been retired for a number of years. He leaves a wife and grown up family. The funeral will be held on Tuesday morning from St. Paul's Catholic church.

FUNERAL OF MRS. RING.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John Ring was held this morning at 9 o'clock from the Cathedral. The following gentlemen officiated as pall bearers: Messrs. John Krock, John H. Brennan, Albert Sneed, Dennis Monahan, Stephen Fletcher and James Wolf. The funeral was largely attended.

REMAINS ARRIVE.

The remains of Anthony Dinklager, who died at the Richmond insane asylum, arrived at noon yesterday, and the funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock from St. Mary's Catholic church. His wife resides at 249 East Washington street.

SHIPPED TO CONVOY.

A large number of A. O. U. W. brethern went to the late home of Conductor J. O. Hurley, No. 75 Oliver street, at an early hour this morning and escorted the remains to the depot where they were shipped to Convoy, Ohio, on an early train.

THE WEEK'S DEATHS.

The city undertakers report the following deaths for the week just past:

Sarah Carry, 79 years, pneumonia.

Herman H. Avine, 4 years, heart failure.

Joseph Isabey, 28 years, lung fever.

Tree Campbell, 49 years, consumption.

Amberson P. Bailey, 16 years, brain fever.

Sister Frances Joseph, 47 years, pneumonia.

Bertha Kesler, 4 years, diphtheria.

James O. Hurley, 34 years, railway casualty.

Sarah Ring, 61 years, cancer.

John Backes, 70 years, complication.

S. C. Mahin, 17 years, tonsilitis.

Frances Manuels, 80 years, old age.

Infant of E. B. Robertson, 3 days, exhaustion.

Mary S. Hesse, 16 years, typhoid fever.

Clarence Gerard, 10 days, congestion of lungs.

Carl Rehling, 1 year, inflammation of lungs.

Christian Kreisinger, 81 years, old age.

George Gutermuth, 92 years, old age.

Joseph Diebold, 7 years, accident.

Aden Kelsey, 23 years, bronchitis.

Anthony Dinklager, 36 years, insanity.

Caroline Seller, 4 years, diphtheria.

WILL NOT GO TO ROBY.

No Truth in the Report That the Troops Have Been Ordered There.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 9.—According to the statement of Adjutant General Robbins, there is no foundation for the reports that the militia had been ordered to be in readiness to move on to Roby Monday next. The captains of several companies have merely been ordered to report the condition of their respective commands, as is the custom every few months regardless of prospective emergencies.

COUNTY ATTORNEYS.

The Commissioners Select the Big Four Law Firm.

At the meeting of the county commissioners the question of employing a county attorney came up, and it was decided to employ the law firm of Morris, Bell, Barrett and Morris at a salary of $1,200. Any member of the firm can fill the position. They are required to attend to all the county's legal business and receive no extra compensation for extra work.

Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9t10

COME AND SEE US.

We have the finest stock of Christmas Novelties ever seen in the city, consisting of Books, Cards, Purses, Card Cases, Toys of all descriptions. Do not fail to see them.

LEHMAN BOOK & NEWS CO., 9tf 81 Calhoun Street.

Diamonds at F. J. Voirol's.

Meyer Bros. & Co.

CHEMISTS
and DRUGGISTS,

Always Have the Most Complete

— LINE OF —

Perfumes,
Toilet Waters,
Colognes, Etc.

Fancy Goods for Xmas Presents.
Odor Cases,
Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Cuff and Collar Boxes,
Traveling Sets for Ladies and Gentlemen,
Leather Goods,
Fine Pocket-books,
Purses,
Toilet Articles, Etc.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Lake Erie & Western R.R.

FORT WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE R. R.

(Natural Gas Route).

WILL SELL FOR THE

Christmas & New Year Holidays,

Excursion Tickets between all stations on its line, at the very low rate of

ONE AND ONE-THIRD

FARE FOR THE

ROUND TRIP.

Tickets will be sold on December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1893 and January 1, 1894, limited going to date of sale, and good returning up to and including January 2, 1894.

For tickets, rates, time and general information, call on any ticket agent of the above route or address,

C. F. DALY,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

H. C. PARKER,
Traffic Manager,
Indianapolis, Ind.

1894.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensible alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The serials for 1894 will be written by William Black and Walter Besant. Short stories will be written by Mary E. Wilkins, Maria Louise Pool, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Marion Harland, and others. Outdoor sports and indoor games, social entertainment, embroidery and other interesting topics will receive constant attention. A new series is promised of "Coffee and Repartee."

Harper's Periodicals.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Postoffice money order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

CHEAP MEATS.

Leikauf Bros. & Bash

PACKING HOUSE,

Foot of Hanover Street. Take East Main Street Car.

Pigs Feet, Liver, Hogs Heads, Pork Trimmings, at Your Own Price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAH KEE & CO.,
—IMPORTERS OF—
Fine Teas, China and Japan Goods.
Fine Laundry Work.
No. 8 West Wayne Street, Fort Wayne Ind.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!
Stop Paying Rent! Own Your Home
If you want money to buy a home.
Or to pay off a mortgage.
Or to improve your property.
Or to help you in any way.
Come to the
Allen Co. Loan & Savings Association,
Rooms 6 and 7 White's Block, and have your wants supplied on the best possible terms for safety and satisfaction to yourself.
T. O. ROGERS, Sec'y. ED. WHITE, Pres.

TO MOTHERS—Try "McDonald's" Worm Tablets. Nearly every child is troubled with worms. We have the only reliable and safe tablet on the market. It is mild yet certain, and can be administered to children of all ages, and are a valuable remedy in stomach complaints. Children eat them as they would candy. McDonald's Tablets are sold on a positive guarantee. Take no other. Price 25c per box. Prepared only by the McDonald Remedy Co., South Bend, Ind.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1893.

TONIGHT.

MASONIC TEMPLE—Kimball's Opera Company in "Hendrick Hudson."
MILITARY INSPECTION—Zollinger Battery.
CARPENTERS' UNION — Regular meeting.
Q. & O. CLUB—Installation of Officers.

GOV. MATTHEWS is attending to Roby all right. He has got the necessary backbone.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will probably send his Hawaiian message to the senate next Monday.

CHARITY, rightly bestowed, is Christianity. Helping the poor and needy is the grandest of work.

THE Hawaiian question is assuming interest again. The resident Americans of the island have got their war paint on.

THE saloons have already captured the police officials and now, it is said, the Sunday closing and the 11 o'clock ordinance will no longer be enforced. Pity 'tis, but 'tis so, that our police authorities have not got much backbone.

Now is the time to do your holiday shopping—there is comfort in it compared with a week hence. The display of beautiful goods was never finer than this year, and the best places to buy them is of those merchants who advertise in THE SENTINEL.

THE democrats are now discussing the question of the best time for holding the next county convention. Some favor an early and others a late convention. Many believe that it should be delayed, at least, until after our city election and held during the first week in June.

FORT WAYNE's societies, secret and benevolent, and we have many of them, are now choosing their officers for the next year. These societies have a large membership and THE SENTINEL will endeavor each week to give the news concerning them. We would esteem it a favor if the officers and members would send us items of interest concerning their respective organizations.

Mormon Evangelization.

The Mormon method of evangelization does not suit the people of North Carolina and Virginia, and the missionaries of that sect have been warned off. The reason is their partiality in selecting their converts. Within a few weeks more than 100 young girls have left the two states for Utah. From one sparsely settled county of North Carolina alone sixteen of the prettiest maidens have been taken. Fathers and mothers are indignant, and every young man wears a pistol in his belt which he is sworn to use on the first missionary that he can find. The charge is made that these propagandists do not try half as hard to convert adult women and men as they do girls, and that they do not care at all to have whole families emigrate to the land of the saints. The complaint is not a new one. From every field of Mormon missionary effort come stories of their preference for young girls and their entire willingness to leave fathers, mothers and brothers behind. In past years it was no uncommon thing to hear of the lynching of the propagators of this strange gospel by men who do not appreciate the destiny of their daughters, sisters and sweethearts as "plural wives" under Utah's peculiar institution.

Every Mormon who finds it worth while to let the gentile world know what is going on in Utah is brimful of assurances that polygamy is abolished there, that the younger generation are sick of it, that they are ambitious to stand in repute before the country as good and law abiding American citizens, that, in fact, they are ashamed of the lawless and scandalous institution that their fathers imposed upon them. In view of the testimony that comes from the missionary fields of the south, this assurance must be taken with some grains of allowance. It may be in order for northern people to send to those of the south who have ordered this decree of banishment their sympathy and approval.

An Army of Employes.

A bulletin recently issued by the census bureau shows that in 123 of the larger cities of the United States the number of people employed in manufacturing industries of one kind or another is 2,451,679 and that the annual amount paid them in wages is $1,318,077,618. This would allow each employe on the average a little over $537 a year, or somewhat less than $11 per week. These figures, says the Chicago Post, represent the condition of things existing in 1890 when the census was taken. It is possible they may be changed considerably since that time by the growth of many of the places included in the list of manufacturing cities. On the other hand, this may be offset by the industrial and financial depression of the present year as compared with the greater activity which then prevailed.

Cities which then gave employment by their manufacturing industries to 25,000 or more each numbered nineteen. They were Buffalo, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Lowell, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Newark, Pittsburg, Providence, Philadelphia, Rochester, San Francisco and Troy. The number employed in the various industries of these nineteen cities was 1,656,608 and the amount paid them annually in wages was $927,280,204. This would raise the general average slightly. It would allow an average to each employe of $565 per year, or $30 more than the general average, which would seem to indicate that the rate of wages paid at the larger industrial centers is somewhat higher than at the smaller places. The constant influx of people seeking employment at the larger points may thus be partly accounted for by this fact.

Chicago occupies third place on the list as published. The number of operatives employed there is given at 203,155 and the annual amount paid in wages as $119,146,357. This would give an average of $586 to each employe. New York heads the list with 351,757 operatives and $228,537,275 as the amount annually paid them in wages, an average of $641 each. Philadelphia stands second with 253,073 operatives and $152,436,268 the amount of its annual pay rolls, allowing an average of $523 to each employe, or $63 per man less than is paid in Chicago. The only other place employing 100,000 or over is Brooklyn. It furnishes work for 103,683 operatives and pays them $61,975,700 yearly, an average of $590 per year.

Is It Insanity?

The student of psychology will find a curious and interesting study in the case of Henry M. Cochran of Philadelphia, who robbed the mint of bullion for a period extending over three years—from 1889 to 1893. Cochran had been in the mint 43 years, and at the time of his arrest was chief weigher. He had $16,000,000 in gold bullion in his charge. He was well educated, thoroughly respectable and moral, very kind hearted and a favorite with all who knew him. Chief Clerk Cobb of the mint said of his fallen friend, "He was honest for 40 years anyway, and up to the last minute I would have trusted him with my life."

The bars he actually abstracted during the three years amounted to $85,000. For this he bartered away all that makes life worth living. He was an honest man in the start. His worst enemy, if he had any enemies, would not deny that. In 1886 he detected a plan to rob the mint and revealed it to the government, thereby saving, as he believed, millions of dollars. He thought that for this service he should have received some large reward. His salary at its highest was $2,000. He brooded on the fancied injustice that had been done him till he thought, and said occasionally, that the government had been robbing him many years. Full of this gloomy idea, the next mental stage with him was that in which he familiarized himself with the thought of getting even with the government. The next was to steal the government's money in order to get even. Years of melancholy harping upon a wrong, real or fancied, distorts the moral faculties. The question is, Is such a person as Cochran insane?

Savings of Factory Operatives.

In one of his reports Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States labor commissioner, shows how the American workman is able often to own his home after a few years. He could not do it in New York or Chicago, but he can do it in hundreds of the large factory towns of the country, which are even pleasanter than New York or Chicago to live in and have all their advantages besides.

A typical family mentioned by Colonel Wright resides in Delaware, one of the cheapest states in the Union to live in. A house of eight rooms is not to be had everywhere, for instance, at $10 a month rent, which is what the family mentioned pay for their dwelling.

The husband is superintendent in a dyeing room. His wages amount to $930 a year. He has a wife and five children. They live comfortably, own a piano and keep all the children but one in school, and yet they save $277 a year. It is done largely of course through the excellent management of the wife and mother.

The largest sum is spent for rent—$120 a year. Next comes in the meat bill—$91.80 a year. The total cost of food is $291.16. This model family did not skimp their brains, as they paid out $14 for books and newspapers, which was half as much as the mother of the family spent for her clothing.

Many persons labor under the impression that laying up treasures in real estate in Jerusalem—not the New Jerusalem, but the old one in Palestine—will be a paying investment. Ground there has advanced in value at a rate that would make even a Chicago real estate speculator turn green with envy. An acre of ground in Jerusalem that sold for $1,000 in 1865 brought in 1891 $21,000. A plot that in 1890 went for $435 an acre sold in 1892 for $2,179 the acre. An acre that in 1872 was purchased for $10 brought, 20 years later, $12,000. These plots of ground are within a mile of the city itself. The tremendous rise is partly accounted for by the fact that Jewish immigration to Palestine has occurred to a considerable extent in the past decade. Still Jerusalem has at present a population of rather less than 50,000, and of these not more than 25,000 are Jews. In all Palestine, even with the number swelled by recent immigration, there are only about 42,000 of the ancient race—a very small proportion of the 7,000,000 Jews in the world. So far as talk of the Jews going once more and inhabiting Palestine is concerned, it is foolishness, for Palestine at the outside could not contain more than a million people. The Hebrew race has increased and multiplied since it left the old home.

Mrs. Carlyle was a wiser woman than she got credit for, so completely was she overshadowed by the crabbed, dyspeptic, great Thomas. She had learned to the utmost the wonderful power of self control. Once she said, while her beautiful dark eyes flashed: "We have all a great deal more power over our minds than it is at all the fashion to allow, and an infinity of resource and ability to use it. There was a time in my own life when I felt that unless I strove against the feeling with all my strength and might I should be crazed outright. I passed through that time safely. I was able to fight it out and not let myself go. People can help themselves—that I am convinced of—and that fact is not nearly enough dwelt on."

Sugar does not always sweeten. It soured fearfully the temper of some members of the congressional ways and means committee when they discussed whether there should be a duty on it, we are told.

Miss Nettie Hooper fills the place of her mother, Lucy Hamilton Hooper, as correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The American who has served longest in congress is Senator Justin Morrill of Vermont. He entered the house of representatives 39 years ago and has been in continuous service in the house and senate ever since. Senator Dawes, before his retirement a year ago, had been in congress 36 years—18 in the house and 18 in the senate.

DON'T STAY AT HOME.

Your Pastor Expects You to Be in Your Pew Tomorrow,

And it is As Much Your Duty to Be There As it is His to Be in the Pulpit.

Regular services at the Christian church tomorrow.

Pastor A. McDowell invites all to the U. P. service at 2 p. m.

St. Andrews Mission Sunday school, on Shawnee avenue, at 3 p. m.

Come with the multitude to the Tabernacle. Pastor Northrop.

Preaching at Simpson M. E. church tomorrow morning and evening by Rev. A. E. Mahin.

Services at the Nebraska mission tomorrow evening at 7:45 o'clock. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner West Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Trinity English Lutheran church.—Morning service at 10:30 by the pastor. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Young People's society at 6:45.

Rev. J. S. Ainslie will preach in the South Congregational church at 3:30 p. m., and Miss Long will sing. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Welcome!

Come to the men's meeting at the Railroad department Y. M. C. A., at 3:30, standard time. Address by W. D. Page. Bible study at 3 o'clock.

Third Presbyterian church—Preaching by the pastor, J. M. Boggs, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor.—Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Secretary McCaughey, of the city department Y. M. C. A., will speak at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow morning at 10:30. Every member and friend of the church is expected at this service.

Evangelical church, corner of Clinton and Holman streets. Quarterly meeting services, conducted by Rev. D. D. Speicher. German preaching at 10 a. m., followed by holy communion. English preaching at 7 p. m.

Plymouth Congregational church has a welcome for all at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Evening sermon, "The Church Music for Today." Sunday school at 12, and Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Rev. J. S. Ainslie, minister.

Christ's Lutheran church (English) every Sabbath, at the city Y. M. C. A. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; regular service at 10:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m.; regular evening preaching, 7:30 p. m. All are made welcome. Rev. J. S. Nelson.

Wayne street M. E. church welcomes you to all her services. Preaching by the pastor, G. N. Eldridge, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Epworth league at 3:30 p. m. Senior Epworth league at 6:30 p. m.

First U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor.—Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m. At 7:30 p. m., sermon and service for the poor. Come as you are and you will be made welcome.

Berry Street Methodist Episcopal church.—Class at 9:30 a. m.; preaching by the pastor, M. S. Marble, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.; Junior league at 3:30 p. m.; Epworth devotional at 6:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited.

Song service at the City Y. M. C. A. at 4 o'clock, city time. Messrs. E. A. K. Hackett and E. F. Yarnelle will speak to the young men. The Y. M. C. A. Glee club will delight every one with beautiful singing, and the orchestra will play sweet music. Come and spend an hour with us.

Trinity M. E. church, Cass and Fourth streets, begins an eight-day revival service at 10:30 a. m. Service every evening at 7:30 p. m. Special invitation to two classes of persons—all that can help and all that need help. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League devotional, 7 p. m. We welcome all.

At the Second Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper, will preach at 10:30 a. m. "Christ to Come Again." Sabbath School at 12 m. Junior Christian Endeavor at 4 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. At 7:30 a discourse illustrated by the stereoptican, "St. Paul in the Island of Cyprus."

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, corner of West Washington and Fulton streets—Regular services Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; sermon on Luke 21, 25-36: "Preparations for Christ's Coming Into Judgment." Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Evening services at 7:30 p. m.; sermon on Deut. 33, 29. Advent sermon.

Preaching at the St. Paul M. E. church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Topic of the morning sermon, "Something You Ought to Know;" of the evening, "Why Am I Not a Christian?" third sermon in the series to young people. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth League service at 6 p. m. Miss Reslla Rich will address the league. Let there be a full house. Rev. Paschall pastor.

The coming woman can be healthy. She will be, if she's wisely cared for. As she enters womanhood, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription builds up and strengthens the system and regulates and promotes the functions. It's a supporting tonic, and a quieting, strengthening nervine. It corrects and cures all those delicate derangements and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. In every case for which it's recommended, the "Favorite Prescription" is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction. If there's no help, there's no pay. It does all that's claimed for it, or the money is refunded.

It's a risky way to sell it—but it isn't your risk.

The manufacturers take all the risk by selling them *on trial!* *It's an insult to your intelligence* for any dealer to attempt to substitute other medicines for these, by recommending them to be "just as good," only that he may make a larger profit.

GOV. BINGHAM,

Democratic War-Horse of Vermont.

Three Times He Was His Party's Standard Bearer.

Wonderful Energy of the Popular Leader.

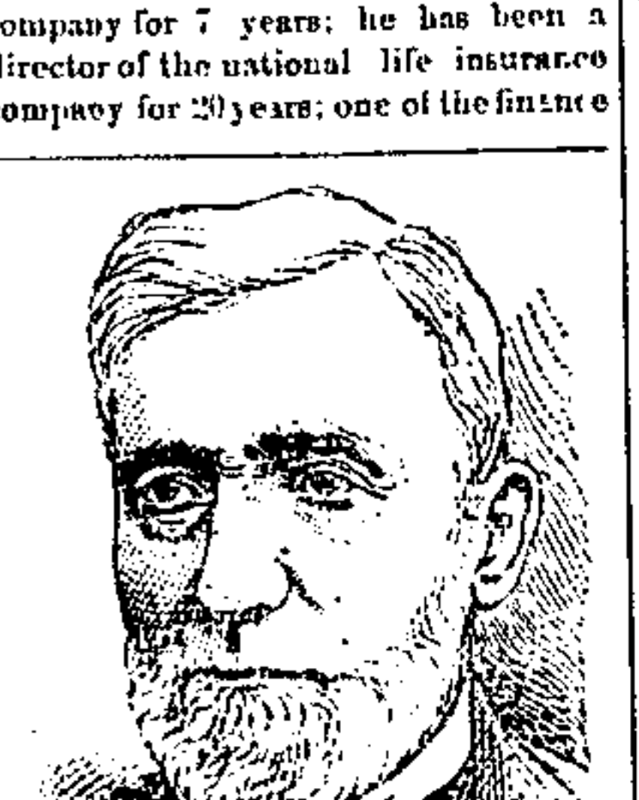
He Has Used Paine's Celery Compound Ten Years.

It Has Been a Source of Great Strength to Him.

Hon. William H. H. Bingham of Stowe, has been three times the democratic candidate for governor of Vermont.

He has twice been the democratic candidate for congress from his district.

He has held the office of president of the Vermont mutual fire insurance company for 7 years; he has been a director of the national life insurance company for 20 years; one of the finance committee of the central Vermont R. R., and the occupant of various other business and many political offices.



HON. W. H. H. BINGHAM.

So high does he stand in the estimation of the people in his state that he is everywhere styled "Governor" Bingham, a title which undoubtedly would have been his officially if he had not clung with such earnest conviction to the fortunes of his party in one of the strongest republican states in the country.

Mr. Bingham, while one of the most intelligent and versatile men, has been admired and talked of more for his wonderful energy than any other trait.

He is 70 years old. In a letter to Wells, Richardson & Co., dated September 5, this year, he writes that for ten years he has been using Paine's celery compound. To quote his exact words:

"I have used Paine's celery compound for ten years or more and it has had a very favorable effect on me. I have suffered from lassitude caused by overwork, and it has had a very strengthening effect on me. I can recommend the virtues of Paine's celery compound most heartily."

The praise of Paine's celery compound comes from all classes. Some of the best known men and women in the country have recently written their unsolicited testimonials of its eminent value. Thousands of "the plain people" have testified to its many wonderful cures. It is by far the greatest remedy of the age. It makes people well!

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Closing, 1:15 p. m.: Wheat, steady: cash, 62⅞@63c; Dec., 62⅞@63c; May, 68⅛c.

Corn, steady; cash, 35¾c; Dec., 35¾c; May, 40⅛c, bid.

Oats, steady; cash, 28¼c; Dec., 28¼c; May, 31c.

Pork, easier; Jan., $12.92½; May, $13.00.

Lard, easier; Jan., $8.05; May, $7.85.

Ribs, easier; Jan., $6.77½; May, $6.80.

Rye, dull; 46c.

Union Stock Yards Market.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Dec. 9.—Cattle, receipts 700; shipments, 200; steady, weak, supply well cleared; Christmas beeves, nominally, $6@6.75; export, $4.65@5.25; good to choice shipping and dressed beef, $4.25@4.75; common to medium, $3.10@4.10; cows and heifers, $1@3.40; stockers and feeders, $2@3.65.

Hogs, receipts, 17,000; shipments, 5,000; active; heavy, strong; light, weak; rough and common, $4.90@5.05; packers and shipping, $5.10@5.30; prime heavy and butchers, $5.35@5.45; light, $5.20@5.50.

Sheep, receipts 500; shipments, 200; not enough trading to make a market; native sheep, $2.25@3.25; westerns, $2.50@3.30; feeders, $2.25@2.74; lambs, $2.50@4.50.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Wheat, No. 2, red, dull but firm; March, 71½@71⅝c; May, 73⅛@73 13-16c.

Rye, nominal.

Corn, No. 2, dull but firm; Jan., 45⅞@45⅞c; May, 46⅛@46⅝c.

Oats, No. 2, track white state, 36@48c; track white western, 36@48c.

Beef, dull; family, $14.00@15.00; extra mess, $8.50.

Pork, dull; new mess, $14.75@15.25; family, $16.50@17.50; short clear, $16.50@19.00.

Lard, quiet; prime western steam, $8.90; nominal.

Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9t10

Special Rates to California
Via popular Nickel Plate road, account Mid Winter Fair.

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Silverware at F. J. Voirol's.

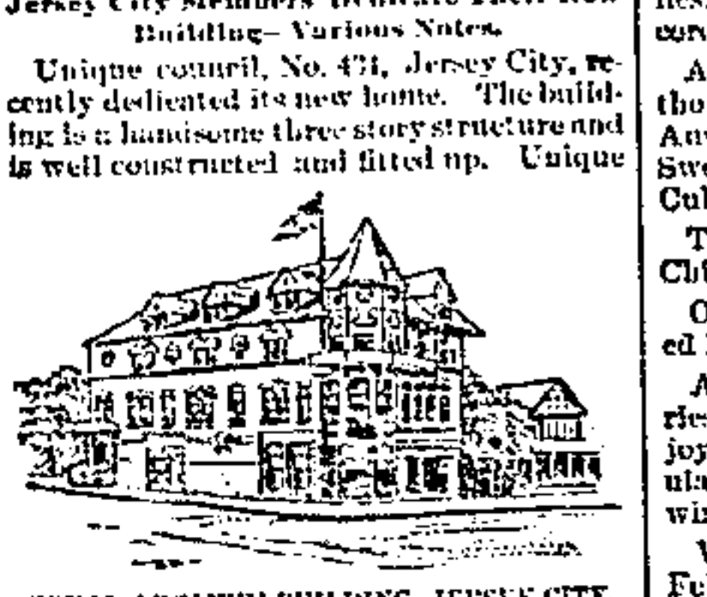
Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9t10

SECRET SOCIETIES

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Jersey City Members Dedicate Their New Building—Various Notes.

Unique council, No. 431, Jersey City, recently dedicated its new home. The building is a handsome three story structure and is well constructed and fitted up. Unique council has long desired a home of its own, and ground was broken last March. The gentlemen who have had the matter in charge are to be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts.



ROYAL ARCANUM BUILDING, JERSEY CITY.

Pro Patria council of Brooklyn has a membership committee to whom each member submits the names of available candidates in the locality of the council, and the committee does the rest.

Pocasset council of Fall River has voted to have an entertainment at every meeting and is pushing the work in an earnest manner.

As near as can be estimated by the records of the supreme council office, there are now 115,663 members of the order in good standing. There are 1,525 councils; resources, $351,706.08; liabilities, $292,730.

New York state, with a membership of 30,000, is the banner state of the order. Pennsylvania is next, followed by Massachusetts and New Jersey.

MASONIC.

Bro. Graham's Tiler Record Hard to Beat. Eastern Star and Various Notes.

In the Masonic temple, Pittsburg, 11 lodges, three chapters and one council hold their stated meetings, all of which are tiled by Bro. Thomas C. Graham, who for over 18 years has performed that important duty. Up to the 1st of January 47,003 meetings were held by the respective bodies, all of which, with the exception of 21, were tiled by him, his absence from these being caused by his own sickness and deaths in the family.

The grand lodge of Georgia is now composed of between 300 and 500 members, comprising the worshipful masters of the subordinate lodges, and the expenses of supporting the lodge for the year, including the pay of officers per day while in conference, printing, etc., is in the neighborhood of $20,000.

The grand orient of Spain has no Masonic right or authority in this country, and any doing in its name is clandestine.

There is strong evidence that the third degree of Masonry existed before the era of grand lodges. Bro. Gould, Masonic historian, is convinced that such existence is beyond dispute.

Sir Henry P. McIntosh of Cleveland now is grand commander of Knights Templars in Ohio, and Sir John Nelson Bell of Dayton, grand recorder.

Mrs. Carrie M. Perkins of Guthrie, O. T., is grand matron; Bro. Rev. Lewis B. Byrd of Muldrow, I. T., grand patron, and Bro. Leo E. Bennett of Muskogee, I. T., grand secretary of the grand chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, of Indian Territory.

The ladies of the Eastern Star at Luverne, Minn., celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Robert Morris, the founder of the order.

Among the literary people connected with the Eastern Star in Minneapolis are Sister Eugenia A. Wheeler Goff and Bro. Henry Slade Goff, authors of the work entitled, "The United States and Her Neighbors."

The annals of the grand chapter of Vermont, Order of the Eastern Star, for 1893 have fine half tone portraits of Bro. J. T. Gleason, grand patron, and Sister Minnie A. Parsons, grand matron for 1893-4.

The late congress in Chicago demonstrated that a Masonic congress of a few days' duration cannot accomplish much for the good of Masonry.

Beware of every one who displays to you a Masonic badge for an evidently mercenary purpose.

RED MEN.

Chiefs Raised Up In the Delaware Reservation—Along the Trail.

At the annual session of the great council of Delaware the following officers were elected: Great prophet, Joseph Pyle; great sachem, George G. Byron; great senior sagamore, William H. Coulbourn; great junior sagamore, L. A. Zebley; great chief of records, T. H. H. Messenger; great keeper of wampum, W. H. Tayler. Receipts from all sources for the great sun were 2,459 fathoms and 36 inches, and the disbursements 1,411 fathoms and 92 inches, leaving a balance in the wampum belt of 1,047 fathoms and 44 inches.

The various tribes in San Francisco have taken appropriate action and passed resolutions of sympathy upon the death of Past Great Incohonee Adam Smith of Manzanita tribe, No. 4.

Shawmut tribe, No. 4, of Boston, has arranged for a series of entertainments during the winter moons.

Cohewan tribe, New York, has adopted over 100 members since the session of the great council. This is indeed good work.

Past Sachem George D. Wheelock of Pokahoket tribe, No. 10, of Keene, N. H., has been appointed deputy great sachem for district No. 6 of that state, which includes Nashua, Milford and Keene.

The second great sun council of the degree of Pocahontas of Iowa, held in the hunting grounds of Fort Madison, was well attended, almost every council being represented.

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Reading castle, No. 49, of Reading, Pa., is the banner castle of the world. Her last report shows a membership of 407, having admitted 114 candidates the past six months.

Each of the 849 castles located in 35 states and territories now transact their business in the third, or Crusader's, degree, instead of the first, or Pilgrim's degree, as previously.

Past Grand Chief F. Wayland Potter has been elected state organizer of the grand castle of New Jersey.

The death benefit fund of the supreme castle is rapidly increasing its membership.

ODD FELLOWS.

Statistics of Maine Grand Lodge and Encampment—Linklets.

The report of Grand Patriarch E. T. Lee of Maine shows satisfactory progress: Number of members, 5,992; encampments, 60; gain in members since last report, 123; number of Patriarchs relieved, 481; amount of relief, $14,436. The report of Grand Secretary Joshua Davis of the grand lodge shows 20,139 members, 2,812 past grands and 5,577 Rebekahs; $82,619 was paid out in relief during the year; annual receipts, $146,251; invested funds, $502,095.

Bro. A. G. Wolford of Topeka has been 57 years an Odd Fellow. He accompanied Grand Sire Wildey when the latter made his trip south and west in the summer of 1838 and assisted him in instituting lodges in Illinois.

The present assets of the sovereign grand lodge are $121,779.96.

Past Grand Representative McKinney of New Hampshire has sailed with his family to Colombia, South America. He is minister plenipotentiary to that place on a salary of $10,000 a year.

It is decided that any member of a lodge acting as counsel for a brother under trial has the same right to vote on the penalty that he would have were he not counsel.

During the past sovereign grand lodge year there was a gain of about 27 per cent in membership in British Columbia.

The chief patriarch of Schiller encampment of Baltimore is over 85 years of age.

The success and proper management of a lodge depend in a very great degree upon the efficiency and attention of the noble grand recording secretary and permanent secretary.

There was paid during the last grand lodge year in District of Columbia jurisdiction for benefits, relief for widowed families, watching the sick, etc., $11,585.81, according to the figures of the grand secretary.

American Odd Fellowship exists in all the provinces of British North America, Australia, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Japan, Chili, Cuba, Mexico and other foreign countries.

There are about 100 subordinate lodges in Chicago. In Philadelphia there are 152.

Oberlin lodge of Lowell, Mass., celebrated its fiftieth anniversary Nov. 15.

An effort is being made to provide a series of evening entertainments for the enjoyment of the inmates of the Pennsylvania Odd Fellows' home during the coming winter.

Walla Walla, Wash., is truly an Odd Fellow town. Grand Secretary Shaw makes a boast that they have an Odd Fellow for every two voters, and no other town in the United States can show such a record.

Grand secretaries and grand scribes were denied the privilege of examining the secret work during the sessions of the S. G. L.

General Underwood was voted his P. M. flag, desk and chair in appreciation of his services as commander of the Patriarchs Militant.

J. A. Barker of America lodge, No. 25, Philadelphia, and a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, stationed at Houston, has made the Pennsylvania Orphans' home the beneficiary of his death benefit of $1,000 in the latter organization.

A. O. U. W.

Officers of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge. Chips From the Workshop.

The officers of the grand lodge of Pennsylvania, which includes also West Virginia, are as follows: G. M. W., A. A. Anderson; G. F., John W. Bickel; G. O., S. M. Hathaway; G. Recorder, J. M. McNair; G. Receiver, O. K. Gardner; G. G., C. L. Hannan; G. I. W., Ed E. Hohmann; G. O. W., H. E. Carringer; G. M. E., P. Y. Eisenberg; G. T., William A. Dugan, E. S. Morrow; R. S. L., S. A. Kline, William R. Ford, Joseph C. Smith.

It lies with you, fellow members, whether the family of that friend you love so well shall be objects of charity at his death or have the protecting shield of our order.

Members in good standing Oct. 1, 323,822.

One hundred and forty members of the order in Pennsylvania received prize buttons for securing five new members each, and 49 got prize badges for not less than 10 accepted candidates, from Dec. 1, 1891, to Sept. 30, 1893.

The special per capita tax of $2 for the promotion of the order in the jurisdiction of Texas has done much good, and grand results have been attained by it.

Illinois has practically only 19,000 members, and considering the extent of the state and the number of large cities within its limits it ought to have at least 30,000 members.

The Delaware jurisdiction now includes 20 lodges in a flourishing condition. The jurisdiction of Delaware was separated from Maryland about nine months ago, and during that time has called only six assessments.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Ex-Master of Exchequer Stanbury J. Willey to Be Sued—Spear Points.

Walter B. Ritchie of Lima, O., and Thomas G. Sample of Allegheny, representing the supreme lodge of the world, Knights of Pythias, are to take action against ex-Mayor Stanbury J. Willey, who was master of the exchequer of the supreme lodge. The funds of the order, amounting to about $70,000, were deposited by Willey with the banking house of R. R. Robinson & Co., which failed, and there is little prospect of the order getting the money again. Messrs. Ritchie and Sample conferred with counsel, and the result was an order to enter suit in the United States circuit court for the recovery of the money.

The report of the Illinois grand lodge shows a membership of 33,737 and 407 lodges.

It is to be hoped that the next supreme lodge session may witness the enactment of legislation whereby the ladies' rank, under some appropriate title, may be officially recognized and placed under the control and guidance of the supreme lodge.

The Illinois grand lodge voted to place $500 in the hands of the grand chancellor for the relief of Knights of Pythias yellow fever sufferers at Brunswick, Ga., and vicinity.

Ohio has instituted 11 new lodges since the grand lodge meeting in May.

Fraternal Miscellany.

A member should attend lodge regularly whether he is in arrears or not. His presence is always needed and goes to make a good, active lodge.

The Shield of Honor, now some 17 years old, with a death payment of $1,000, has never exceeded $10 in assessments in any one year. For the first eight months of this year the assessments have amounted to but $5 per member. To this economical administration of their business affairs must be attributed their generous success.

A correspondent of The Lancet points out that when sugar is partly burned in a gas flame it is destructive to mice.

Headache, Torpid Liver, Costiveness.

Simmons Liver Regulator, by its mild cathartic properties, relieves the bowels from obstructions and cleanses the system of all impurities without sickening or weakening. Cures headache, indigestion and liver complaint—even the most confirmed chronic cases.

Holiday Excursions
On the Nickel Plate road Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31 and Jan. 1st.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"At Christmas Play and Make Good Cheer, For Christmas Comes But Once a Year."

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SEE OUR CHRISTMAS TREE HOLDERS.

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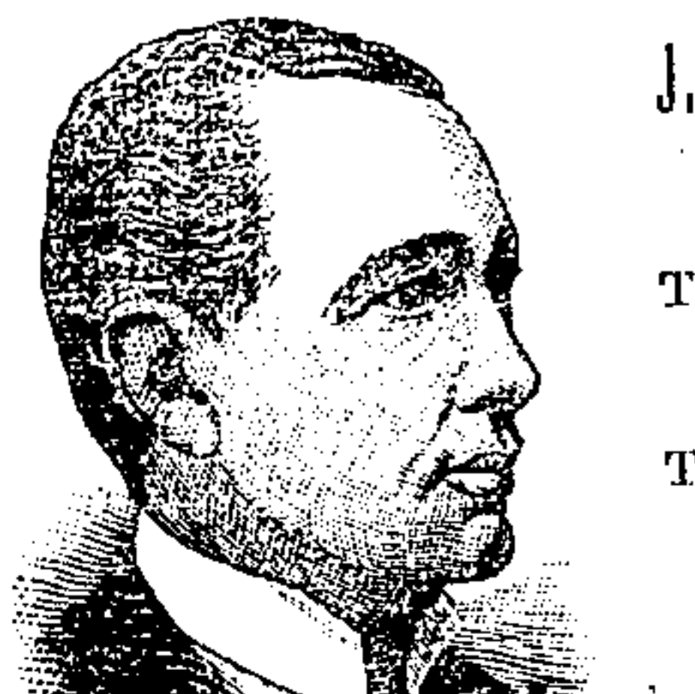

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All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlaudroff, corner Wayne and Barr streets. Telephone No. 68.

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PART SECOND.
ESTABLISHED 1833.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.
PRICE FIVE CENTS

LIFE IN LONDON.

BILL NYE SAYS IN SOME RESPECTS IT RESEMBLES CHICAGO.

Why the Custom of Rolling Up Your Trousers Is Such a Good One Over There—A Beautiful Ballet Witnessed by Bill and Clarence.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

LONDON, Nov. 18, 1893.

London resembles Chicago in one respect, for some of its most beautiful districts have been lifted out of almost bottomless marshes, and now proud and handsome structures mark the site of the polliwog's early home. At one time the Thames ran straight from Lambeth to Limehouse, and between the river and Lydenham and Greenwich to the southeast shallow lagoons filled with canvasback ducks covered the ground where now unbroken rows of brick and mortar meet the eye.

The population of London before the great plague of 1349 numbered 90,000, of whom 50,000 were buried at Spitalcroft as a result of this awful harvest of death. Other ravages in 1361 and 1369 reduced

LONDON MUD AND TURNED UP TROUSERS.

the population still further, until in 1377 the number did not exceed 34,971. Yet Manuel II referred to London even in 1400 as "to be preferred over every city of the west for population, opulence and luxury." So London 500 years ago was regarded as a western city, and the star of empire has been moving at the rate of over 1,000 miles per century ever since.

At the present time London is roughly estimated to contain about 5,000,000 inhabitants, and may be said to have fully recovered from the war with the United States. In fact it is hardly referred to now, and when I noticed the fireworks for sale some weeks ago to be used on Guy Fawkes' day, I said to my friend Sladen of The Idler, "Your Fourth of July is a little delayed this year, is it not?" He said: "Oh, yes, you celebrate the Fourth of July in America, don't you? We, on the contrary, are trying to forget it."

And that is strictly true, for where does the American go when he wants a good time, with every facility for having it? Is it not to the vast and penetrating welcome of England? And is it not a pleasure alone, but an education to study the genuine Englishman in his home, leaving the casual tourist and European sprinter to take home the superficial and snobby features which catch his eye?

Much has been said of the custom of rolling up the trousers, so generally adopted by Englishmen and followed by the young and amateur gentry of America, but there is no affectation about it in London. I did not do it at first, for I was green and my information in that respect as in many others came late in life. My inexperience cost me a pair of bright new checkered two pound pantaloons.

The mud of London is not deep, but it is earnest and tenacious. It is a brindle, tawny, light olive tint, with shadings of soot and high lights of lime and the odor of past and poorly disinfected centuries.

Moreover, it is like a soft boiled egg, for you cannot touch it without finding it weeks after spattered between your shoulder blades or elsewhere out of sight to yourself, but fully in evidence to the whole world.

North Carolina in January has sometimes a quality of mud which if properly worked by 10,000,000,000 feet and mixed with soot and the dregs of unnumbered and forgotten fogs could be made to imitate the London mud, but even then it would be better to pay duty on the real thing if one wanted the muddiest mud in the whole world. England never copies. She will succeed on her own lines or not at all. This is as true of mud as it is of yachts.

The streets, however, are remarkably smooth, and with rubber tires on even the cheapest hansom, you can ride and talk and be heard with ease. What is mud to noise after all?

I took Clarence, my valet, to see a ballet last evening. It was a ballet called "Chicago." No one in the ballet said anything. Clarence says that is the way it is always with ballets. Ballets, I presume, teach not so much by precept as by example.

There was also another and more beautiful ballet, but I went to see the ballet of "Chicago" because of my loyalty and patriotism. It is not regarded as a howling success, and nearly all the performers themselves have kicked about it all summer.

Clarence and I were placed in the front row and could see distinctly the motif of the ballet. It was, taken altogether, very beautiful, though the idea conveyed regarding Chicago itself was that it was an opening in the sycamore and jack oak forests of western Indiana and the lower lake regions.

Buffalo Bill enters in the first act, and is introduced largely for the purpose of being guyed by two street gamins, who get the best of Colonel Cody, one removing his side arms while the other engages him in an animated conversation. Then the other entertains him while the first one smoked up Bill's perfecto nearly to the hilt.

B. Bill is worked in this way for half an hour till he becomes worried. One side of his mustache falls off while he is asleep, and his tailor made buckskin Prince Albert coat gets wet from a hose accidentally let loose on him. It stretches out just like a ball dress and is more or less trodden upon till by and by the heat of the sun draws it up so tight that it looks like an Eton jacket.

After this the original American is let loose at the clarion call of the clarinet. A burst of wild, barbaric music ushers in the Pocahontas delegation, represented by talent from Whitechapel dressed in the brief, but reform, dress supposed to be worn in the court of Sitting Bull. These children of the forest are as brown as a hazel nut and have beautifully carved rosewood legs. They come in with natty doeskin costumes, without whoops.

They dance gayly about a scalp erected on a tall pole. The scalp was secured from a shop in Old Bond street. It was furnished by a well known ticket scalper there. These girls prance around the gory Maypole and try to convey the idea that human life is not highly valued by them, but they do not go in much for realism or they would toe in more. Real squaws, even of the upper classes, do not wear high French heels or corsets that have to be laced by steam.

Still I did not mind that, and Clarence was delighted. He wanted to come to America with me and woo the Indian maiden, and when I told him that $13 was as high as they ever sold, I caught him surreptitiously counting over his shillings and trying to reduce the amount to dollars. Little did the poor thing know that the real squaw of the agency who is in good circumstances dresses in a horse blanket and cavalry pantaloons, that she strains the wild honey of the forest and the juice of the June berry through her opera cloak and puts turpentine in her rum.

Poor Clarence! Born within the sound of Big Ben's mellow boom and in the shadow of the house of parliament, where ever and anon the purr of the Tory and the coo of the Liberal calling each other liars and unhung horse thieves could come to him "like sound of doves in quiet neighborhoods."

Little does he know of the coarse and barbaric American. Little does he know that above Yonkers the woods are alive with J. Fenimore Cooper Indians, and south of Sixty-fifth street, Chicago, a man without a couple of express rifles and a democrat wagon laden with elephant guns loaded with explosive bullets is no better than a dead man.

Poor fellow, he has never seen the infuriated savage hold a scalp dance in Central Music hall, and on the way home knock down the wife of the Methodist minister with the corpse of her child!

He little knows how unsafe human life is in Philadelphia, or how the people every little while fly to the Pennsylvania depot to escape the savage who skulks about Germantown Junction and Bryn Mawr.

These things have been concealed from the people of England long enough. I for one have always favored a frank and open course even if it hurts the country and retards immigration. So I told Clarence truly on the way home how many of us were compelled to live—how we ground our own Indian corn in a coffee mill and ate the flesh of live animals, with herbs, nuts, fruits and berries in their season; how we wore coonskin caps to the opera and drank spoopju at our merry makings; how some of our greatest men lead double lives, keeping up an establishment perhaps in Washington and another among the tribes of the red brother, and how even in Boston, where the Englishman is led to believe that society closely resembles that of the mother country, the correspondent is quite as apt to be red as white.

Whether I did my country a service or not of course I do not know, but at least I have been frank and honest about our crude state. No Englishman can ever confront me in the future with the statement that I have concealed anything from him. I did not keep back the facts regarding the brutal assassination and mutilation by Indians of the bodies of those people who were holding a prayer meeting a year and a half ago on Wabash avenue, or the capture of the normal school at Englewood, and the massacre at the Old Woman's home in New York, all by Indians camping in Westchester county and at Grand Crossing, Ills.

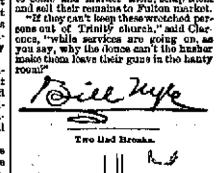
AT THE BALLET.

Clarence told me this morning that he should remain in London probably instead of returning to America with me. He had always supposed that though the Indian was all the time coming into Delmonico's and asking for bread for his starving squaws and pappooses, after all, he had a good heart and would walk 868 miles in one night to tell those who had been kind to him that a plot was on foot to come and murder them, scalp them and sell their remains to Fulton market.

"If they can't keep these wretched persons out of Trinity church," said Clarence, "while services are going on, as you say, why the dence can't the husher make them leave their guns in the hanty room?"

Bill Nye

Two Bad Brokes.



Hobson—What did your fiancee say when you told her you were dead broke?

Dobson (sadly)—She said she was fond of consistency in all things; so she broke the engagement.—Puck.

One on Hicks.

"Some people are much more fortunate in their marriages than others," sneered Hicks. "That's the only reason why I don't consider matrimony a failure."

"You are very right there," said Mrs. Hicks. "Here in our own family you got me, but I—I only got you."—Harper's Bazar.

A HALL OF STATUARY

AN INTERESTING SPOT AT THE GREAT CAPITOL.

A New Figure Added to the Collection. The Pre-eminent Show Place at the Capitol—Senator Morrill's Happy Idea—Marble Figures of the Nation's Chosen Sons.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—We have just added another figure to the collection in the national pantheon. In statuary hall, as the grand chamber used by the house of representatives before the addition of the wings to the capitol is called, Illinois has placed and dedicated with imposing ceremonies a bronze statue of General James S. Shields, who won renown in two wars and enjoyed the distinction, unknown in the history of our country save in his case, of representing three states in the United States senate.

General Shields served as senator from Illinois during the six years from 1849 to 1855, his colleague being Stephen A. Douglas. He then removed to Minnesota and was elected one of the first two senators from that state, serving from May, 1858, to March, 1859. He subsequently took up his residence in Missouri, and on the death of Senator Bogy was elected to fill out the unexpired term, serving only six weeks, but long enough to break all records and to set a precedent which has never since been equaled.

STATUARY HALL.

There are instances of men representing two states in the senate, and it is said one other man has represented three states in one or the other branch of congress, but General Shields is the only man who at different times in his career has represented three states in the senate. A man who could win fame in the Mexican war, afterward serve with distinction in the war between the states, and so commend himself to the people of three commonwealths as to receive from them a seat in the upper branch of congress, certainly deserves a place in the national pantheon.

Funny Incidents.

The old hall of the house is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most interesting spots in the great capitol. Latrobe, the architect of the old capitol, designed it as a type of the ancient Greek theaters, and he succeeded admirably in his purpose. To help him perfect the design and embellish the auditorium, he imported a number of Italian artists. After the British soldiers had partly destroyed the hall with their vandal conflagration, Latrobe repaired it and made it finer than ever, adding the marble columns and other ornamentation. The hall always had one great defect. Its acoustics were imperfect. In some manner the roof formed an echoing gallery, and those of our forefathers who served in the American house of commons were not long in discovering that from certain points within it the most resonant voice was dwarfed to a whisper, while at other spots the gentlest tones were swelled to a mighty roar.

In the old days some exceedingly funny incidents arose from these peculiar properties of the hall. The orator who was not cautious enough to remain in one spot during the delivery of his address found the acoustics of the hall taking strange liberties with his elocution, transforming his crescendo sentences into comical squeals, or causing his pianissimo phrases, his stage whispers, to shriek and wail as he moved to and fro from one echo point to another. An old writer quaintly said these acoustic pranks were a lucky circumstance, for without them the noble army of fault finders would have found the chambers so perfect that nothing would have been left for them to do but to hang themselves from the galleries.

Dust and Cobwebs.

To this day these echoes are one of the most attractive features of the hall. The capitol guides know every one of them, and always have a lot of visitors in tow. The beautiful chamber is pre-eminently the show place of the capitol. It is spectacular in every way. Its architecture, its decorations, its memories, the statues of the great men of the republic, all carry one back to the days of the dim past. This effect is heightened, though perhaps unfortunately, by the economy of the congresses of the present, which do not appropriate enough money to keep the ceiling in repair, and in many spots the paint is scaling off and the dust and cobwebs are accumulating.

Now that congress is again in session the number of visitors to the capitol has vastly increased. Statuary hall is always thronged. Here the guides find their best customers, for every one wants to know all about the strange echoes. Every one wants to go into the corners known as the "whispering galleries," where a faintly spoken sentence is echoed from one side of the hall to the other without loss of distinctness. Every one wants to see the brass tablet in the floor which marks the spot where John Quincy Adams fell fatally stricken after nearly half a century of public service. While some visitors are gazing sadly at this tablet or at the statues of the martyrs Lincoln and Garfield, others are laughing at the echoes. Old men and women and bridal couples abound. This is not only the hall of statuary—it is also the hall of contrasts.

This effect of contrast is unpleasantly heightened in a way which the designer of the beautiful hall never dreamed of, and if it happens that it is known to him in his eternal consciousness he must turn in his grave with vain protests and indignation. One corner of the hall, just at the rear of the statues of Garfield, of Cass and of Ethan Allen, has been set apart as a ladies' reception room for members of the house.

Where Women Congregate.

This corner and the scenes which daily may be witnessed in it mar the picture like a blot of ink upon a classical canvas. The purity of the architecture, the white statues, the dreams of bronze and of valor, wisdom and eloquence which they inspire, are rudely broken upon by the coarse laughter, the flirtations, the intrigues, the brazenness displayed in the corner. There all sorts and conditions of women come to see members of congress. Like the statesmen themselves, they are good, bad and indifferent. Women with pathetic stories, with widow's weeds, with tales of a great nation's injustice to them and theirs, are compelled to rub elbows with painted, scheming creatures, with female lobbyists, with congressional rakes.

It was a happy idea to set this old chamber apart as a hall of statuary. It is difficult to see what else could have been done with it that would have been half as seemly and impressive. The suggestion was made so long ago as 1864 by Senator Morrill, who was then a member of the house. Though nearly 30 years have passed since each of the states of the Union was invited to place here statues in marble or bronze of two of its great men, only a few of the commonwealths have responded. There are only two dozen statues and busts in the hall, and of these only two-thirds have been contributed by the states under the invitation extended them by congress.

Contributions of States.

Little Rhode Island was the first to respond, sending an admirable statue of Roger Williams, the pioneer apostle of religious liberty and founder of the plantation which afterward became the smallest state in the great Union. She sent also General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame.

Connecticut was next. She sent marble representations of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman. Few of the visitors who gaze upon the statue of the former remember that he was the intimate friend of General Washington, and that Washington called him "Brother Jonathan," thus giving rise to an immortal phrase.

New York is well represented by statues of George Clinton (DeWitt Clinton is better known to the people of the country in this day) and of Robert R. Livingston, the great chancellor who administered the oath of office to President Washington.

Massachusetts sends one of the most noticeable statues in the collection. It is that of Samuel Adams, "Father of the Revolution," of whom it was once written, "All men should erect a statue to him in their hearts." Massachusetts has also a statue of Governor Winthrop.

Vermont proudly erects a heroic statue of Ethan Allen and fills out her quota with Senator Jacob Collamer.

Ohio is represented by Garfield and William Allen, and her statues occupy a post of honor near to the entrance to the house.

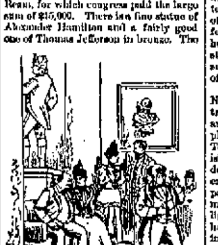
New Jersey has contributed the figures of Richard Stockton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of brave General Phil Kearny.

Pennsylvania has erected statues to Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, and Muhlenberg, the heroic little man who said there was a time to pray and a time to fight and left the pulpit to go to the front in the Revolutionary war.

Michigan has erected a statue to Lewis Cass, and now Illinois honors General Shields. Wisconsin will soon erect a statue of Pere Marquette, the priest who pioneered religion and civilization in the northwest.

Heroes Who Are Missed.

There are other statues in the pantheon, but they were erected by the government and not by the states. Conspicuous among these is the plaster cast of Houdin's Washington, the original of which is at Richmond, and the face of which was made from a death mask, it is said. Noteworthy also is the much criticised statue of Lincoln by Vinnie Ream, for which congress paid the large sum of $15,000. There is a fine statue of Alexander Hamilton and a fairly good one of Thomas Jefferson in bronze. The latter stood long ago in the rotunda of the capitol and was afterward erected in front of the White House, where it stood for many years. There is now no statuary in the grounds about the executive mansion.



LADIES' RECEPTION CORNER.

Much comment is heard over the absence of statues of Jackson, of Grant, of Sherman and of other heroes of our history. What a beautiful and interesting study this fine old hall will afford when about a dozen more states shall have contributed the marble or bronze figures of their chosen sons!

WALTER WELLMAN.

Generous.

Penwiper—A year ago, sir, I came to you and asked you for a raise in my salary, and you would not grant it. Since then a little child has come to bless our home, and now, sir, I ask you again.

Head of Firm—Um. I don't think I can give you a raise, Penwiper, but I tell you what I will do. Is it a boy?

Penwiper—Yes, sir.

Head of Firm—Well, when he's big enough, I'll try and make a place for him.—Cloak Review.

As a Measure of Economy.

"Hot chestnuts?" said the streetcorner merchant suggestively.

"No! What do I want of your hot chestnuts?" retorted the chrysanthemum young man who was hurrying past.

"Put 'em in your overcoat pockets!" called out the merchant after him. "Keep your hands warm. Save you a week's salary in buyin a pair o' gloves!"—Chicago Tribune.

Sharp Thrust.

In France, too, it appears, lawyers have the reputation of juggling with words.

A French lawyer was put into the witness box, where he gave his testimony in a very halting and confused manner. The president of the court suddenly interrupted him.

"Maitre X.," said he, "forget your profession for a moment and tell us the truth."—Youth's Companion.

WORK OF YOUNG MEN.

A MIGHTY ENTERPRISE AND THE POWER BEHIND IT.

Short but Remarkable Business Careers. Nearly Five Hundred Million Dollars In One Project—The Scheme to Harness Niagara's Giant Force.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—The influence of young men in the development of electricity for commercial purposes was very strikingly illustrated on the occasion of a recent examination by a company of distinguished public men and capitalists of the work which is being done at Niagara falls to utilize the colossal power which has hitherto gone to waste over that precipice. The capitalists in the party were for the most part men of mature years. Some of them represented the great business centers of the west, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. The aggregate capital commanded by them and those with whom they are associated is nearly half a billion dollars.

But those of that party who had tempted these capitalists to invest many millions of dollars in these works were young men, none of them being over 40 years of age. One, Mr. Frank Hawley, is just 35, and in a comparatively short business career has revealed that the republic and especially electricity commercially developed afford opportunities in which any persevering young man taking advantage of can find fortune. It is only a few years ago that Mr. Hawley, being a poor boy in Rochester, or, as he now smilingly says, having had a curbstone education in his youth, was working 16 hours a day in order to conquer adverse circumstances.

He was accustomed to rise by 4 o'clock every morning to take care of three or four horses and to do other work around a place which could be done in the early hours, and for this he received $2 a week. At 9 o'clock he entered a law office, where he was employed as clerk, and where he studied law when his duties as clerk would permit. There he staid all day, and for that service received a very small sum.

In the early evening Mr. Hawley began the duties in connection with one of the Rochester newspapers—sitting at his desk or reporting in the evening until midnight, then turning in for a few hours' sleep. The capacity for such labor after a few years brought Mr. Hawley to the attention of men who appreciated his diligence, and he was placed in responsible posts, in which he revealed executive qualities of the highest order. But he had secured this victory at very great cost. His work had produced paralysis of the optic nerve of one eye and a sympathetic trouble of the other, so that it has caused him partial blindness.

With his first considerable earnings Mr. Hawley purchased the country place of the late Jarvis Lord, who was very prominent in New York state affairs for many years, and there he has been teaching lessons to the farmers of New York state, which some of them have been following with very great profit. With a great herd of Jersey cows he supplies butter contracted for long ahead and at a high and unvarying price the year around to two of the greater hotels in New York, and in his herd he possesses some of the most famous Jersey cattle.

The stock farm itself has very wide repute, and yet it is only an incident of Mr. Hawley's business career. On Sunday or Monday night he is on a sleeping car, at his place of business in New York city the following morning, and on Friday night is again on a sleeper on his way to his stock farm. In New York he is associated with those who expect to solve the problem of the development of electricity as a towing or propulsive force for boats upon canals, and it was he who recently conceived and demonstrated the feasibility of electricity for such purposes. Yet he is only 35 years of age.

Another member of the party was Nicola Tesla, one of the wizards of electricity but a little over 30 years of age, and a few years ago a student and employee in some of the Edison works. Tesla is the young scientist who astonished the world of electrical experts by demonstrating that it was possible to create an electric current which would pass through space without any other medium than ether, and in doing so would light an incandescent lamp held in his hand. The future possibilities which lie in this discovery it is impossible now to estimate, but incidentally out of them there is one which may be of immediate commercial advantage, for it seems to have solved a problem which has perplexed electricians for some years. That is the problem of the transmission of electric power for great distances without such losses as to make it commercially impracticable.

Tesla's discovery and his mechanical appliances for the utilization of it may possibly give to the United States ultimately, or at least to that portion of it east of the great lakes and north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, the power which now flows over Niagara falls and goes to waste. It seems to be fairly well demonstrated that this power can be transmitted now at least 500 miles, and if it can be carried thus far it seems to be a mere question of the amount of water which shall be diverted from the falls for the creation of power how far it may be carried in the future.

Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, who was the law partner of President Cleveland and who is the organizing force of this great public enterprise, is a young man only a little past 40. Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., one of the most romantic of American inventors in his experiences, and who is interested more as a scientist than a capitalist, is also a young man, being only 46, and that young Niagara Falls lawyer, Mr. Rankin, who as a boy used to sit by the banks of the falls not so much absorbed in their majesty as in wondering why that enormous water power should go to waste and who was the first to conceive the idea of organizing great capital in order to secure it, is less than 35 years of age.

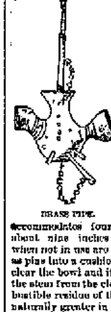
JAY E. HOLLAND.

Brass Pipes of Sumatra.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Dec. 7.—The island of Sumatra is unique in two items connected with the tobacco world, one being the bright, glossy, light colored leaf so familiar to our cigar smokers, and the other the fact that, although no tobacco but what is termed in our tobacco vocabulary "cigar tobacco," is produced there, the natives had, until the introduction of the American cigarette, the most interesting brass pipes in the world.

These pipes were made of solid welded brass, 30 to 34 inches in length, and brought to a higher point of barbaric utility, art and novelty than such work in almost any nation of the olden times. They are decorated with an etched or engraved design, the figure being worked out with the rare patience and rude art shown by the natives in so many sections of the world, and which, when their very imperfect tools are taken into consideration, renders their work the envy of modern artificers, who, with all their modern appliances, frequently find it a difficult matter to duplicate its rude grace.



BRASS PIPE.

The most peculiar thing about these Sumatran pipes is the pincushion arrangement about the head, or bowl, which accommodates four prickers of steel about nine inches in length, which when not in use are stuck into the bowl as pins into a cushion, and are used to clear the bowl and its orifices leading to the stem from the clogging of the incombustible residue of the tobacco, which is naturally greater in a brass pipe than in one of brier or meerschaum.

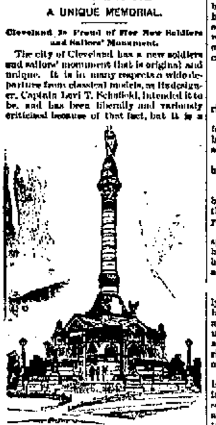
Another curious item is that at the under part of the bowl there is an orifice intended to hold a supply of agaric or punk, and that the looped chain is intended to hold a small flint stone. When the native wishes to smoke, he fills his pipe with tobacco, draws a rather square steel pricker from the pincushion and deftly holding his pipe between his knees chips away until he precipitates a spark onto the punk. His breath soon makes it glow, and a leaf or blade of grass will carry the flame to the tobacco and so render the owner of the pipe totally independent of matches or of asking a neighbor for "some fire." This is almost exactly the same principal as the old Spanish yuncheros.

WILF. P. POND.

A UNIQUE MEMORIAL.

Cleveland Is Proud of Her New Soldiers and Sailors' Monument.

The city of Cleveland has a new soldiers and sailors' monument that is original and unique. It is in many respects a wide departure from classical models, as its designer, Captain Levi T. Scofield, intended it to be, and has been liberally and variously criticised because of that fact, but it is a beautiful structure, nevertheless, though on first sight it is rather startling to a person whose artistic education has been conducted on purely conventional lines.



SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, CLEVELAND.

The design embraces a memorial structure 44 feet square, built of granite on an esplanade 100 feet square and 5 feet above the ground. From the center of this structure rises a cylindrical shaft of black granite 125 feet in height, built in courses or layers, each of which is 5 feet deep. Every second seam in the column is bound about with a bronze band on which are inscribed the names of prominent battles in which Ohio troops took part, and upon the apex, which represents a monitor turret, stands a bronze figure of Liberty, 14 feet in height.

This figure departs widely from the antique ideals. It represents a tall, well proportioned American woman, and instead of the usual Grecian draperies she is clad in an ordinary army overcoat and cloak. The right hand of the figure grasps a sword, while the left rests upon a shield. No other part of the monument has been subjected to more criticism than this figure, but it is correct in position, perfect in symmetry and faultless in proportion. The capital of the column is of bronze and is 11 feet in diameter at its widest part.

The structure at the base is a memorial tablet room, with black walls 20 feet in height, upon which are recorded the names of 10,000 soldiers who enlisted in Cuyahoga county for service during the civil war. In the center of the room, about the bottom of the column, are four large panels in high relief, each 12 by 15 feet, illustrating as many great events of the conflict between the states. The first represents Lincoln unshackling a slave, the second the commencement of the war in Ohio, the third the final council of war on the eve of Appomattox, and the fourth panel illustrates the sanitary commission and hospital service. All of the faces in the panels are likenesses of prominent participants in the events commemorated.

On the esplanade, outside the memorial room, are four bold pedestals supporting heroic groups representing the different branches of the federal service—infantry, cavalry, artillery and navy. These groups are all spirited and typically American, and of course cannot be expected to suit captious critics with classical notions of beauty, grace and strength, but they will teach some useful lessons just the same.

Keep Right On.

The late Marshal MacMahon was not a good offhand speaker. There was a colored cadet in the Saint Cyr Military academy, and once when the marshal reviewed the corps the instructor suggested that he should say something to encourage the black man.

"Let him stand forth," said the marshal.

"So you are a darky, are you?" he said to the cadet.

"Yes, marshal."

"Well, keep it up."—Argonaut.

A Pennsylvania man lately bought a farm and began to make some repairs on the dwelling house belonging to it. In doing so he dug up from under the kitchen floor an iron pot containing $2,600 in gold and silver. If he did not know exactly to whom it belonged, that man was very foolish to tell of his find.

HUNTING FIERCE GAME.

Adventures With Tigers and Lions In India and Africa.

ROMPING WITH A PLAYFUL LION.

When In Good Humor, Feline Beasts Sometimes Prove Amiable Playmates—Remarkable Encounters With Bengal Tigers—The Ferocity of a Wounded Lion.

At Nellur, on the west shore of the gulf of Bengal, I went out with a party of British officers to search for a man eater who had created great devastation to the west. He had, indeed, driven most of the natives out of a section five miles square, and the number of people it was said he had eaten was above 20, says a writer in the Boston Commercial Bulletin. The tiger's lair was in a large thicket which backed against the coast range of mountains. In the midst of this thicket was an old ruin, and the beast probably had his bed there.

There were 10 of us in the party, including natives, and we had begun to beat up the thicket when I stepped into a hole and wrenched my ankle. That settled me for the day at least, and I was assisted back to camp, which was about half a mile from the thicket. A sort of easy chair was made for me at the foot of a tree, and one of the natives was left to attend to my wants. I heard the hunters beating up the game, but the pain took away my interest in the hunt. I had my boot off, and the man was softly rubbing my ankle with brandy, when all of a sudden he fastened his eyes on something behind me, and his face became terror stricken.

HE BEGAN TO LICK MY FOOT.

"What is it—a snake?" I whispered.

"No—the tiger!" he gasped in reply.

"Is he close at hand?"

"Not 50 feet away, sahib, and looking right at us."

My gun was 10 feet away, and we were perfectly helpless. Overhead was safety, but before I could reach my feet and pull myself up by a branch the tiger would have me.

"Can you catch the branch over your head?" I asked of the native.

"Yes, sahib, but I cannot leave you."

"Save yourself if you can, or we shall both be knocked over. If you spring into the tree, the tiger may be frightened off by your action."

The man straightened up and made a spring, and the next instant was safe in the branches. He was hardly quiet before I heard the tread of the tiger in the dry grass a few yards away, and the native whispered:

"Say your prayers, sahib. He is here!"

In a few seconds the tiger came up. I was lying at full length, my head considerably higher than my feet, and so I saw his every move. He looked me full in the face and uttered a low growl, but it was not one of anger. I saw that the beast was full of curiosity and wonder, and hope sprung up in my heart.

He sniffed at my right hand, which lay beside me, passed his nose down to my injured foot, and the fumes of the brandy seemed to delight him. He lay flat down and began to lick my foot and ankle. His tongue was hot as fire and as rough as a cow's, and I winced now and then in spite of my efforts not to. It was something new for the man eater, and he was delighted. He licked away until I thought he had taken all the skin off, and then he rolled over and over on the blanket as you have seen a cat do after feeding.

The hunters and beaters had been quiet all this time, having come together for counsel, but now they began to shout and tomtom, and the noise came down to us very distinctly. The tiger sat up and sniffed the air and growled. A gun was fired, and he growled again, looked up at the native in the tree, around the camp and down at me, and then deliberately walked off into the woods. Next day he was routed out of his lair by the beaters, and without being wounded or unduly angered he charged among them with great ferocity and killed two and wounded a third.

Eighteen months later, in the Bengalese district, I went out to a village called Manday with two officers to see if we could not rid the neighborhood of a man eater who had as bad a reputation as the other. The beast was so bold that he entered the village almost nightly, invariably coming and going by a certain route. The nights were bright moonlight, and when the sun went down we commanded the people to keep quiet and took up the stations selected to cover the approach. I was the nearest to the hut—indeed, I was seated beside one of the huts which had been vacated by its terror stricken owner. The next man was 150 feet away and the next 200. We had planned for a converging fire on one particular spot.

The tiger had always appeared between 9 and 10 o'clock. Ten o'clock came, and we had seen nothing of him. I pulled out my watch again and had just noted that it was 10:20 when I heard a loud purring close to my ear, and the next instant the man eater was beside me. The shock was so sudden that I almost fainted, and there must have been a full minute when I was unconscious of what was going on. On the ground beside me was a large red silk handkerchief. When I could realize what was passing, the tiger was playing with that exactly as a cat would. He tossed it up, caught it, pulled it along the ground, and for three or four minutes he had great fun.

When he was through, he rubbed against me and purred, and with my left hand I smoothed his back. The old fellow purred louder, but after a moment some noise in the village disturbed him, and he uttered a low growl and walked off without even turning his head. Five minutes later he attempted to leap into the window of a hut, got caught in the small opening, and we killed him while he was thus held a prisoner. There was a witness as to what happened between the tiger and myself. Unknown to me, one of the hunters had slipped to one of the huts for a drink of water, and he saw the tiger skulking along between the huts, having entered the village by a new route. He was not over 40 feet from us when the beast made himself so agreeable.

While in the lion country of South Africa a party of 30 of us were one day crossing a sandy plain. We were not within a mile of the woods, and it was the hottest hour of the day. A sudden cry was raised, and a big lion came charging us across the hot sands. He came from the woods, and that without the slightest provocation on our part, and he came for blood. A dozen of us fired at him, and he was hit twice before he reached us, but he came right ahead, and had knocked a native down, and was standing over him when he got his quietus. He was an immense fellow and well along in years. We tried to find some explanation of his conduct, and finally concluded that he had been hunted and perhaps wounded, and had become reckless and desperate.

I once had such an alarm from a lion as to send me to bed for a couple of days. We were riding on a strip of sand, with the heavy forest at our right and a scattering line of bushes on our left, when our attention was called to something skulking in the bushes. We dismounted, three of us, and crept forward, scattering as we went. I made for a bush, whence I hoped to secure a better observation, and as I turned it, being on my hands and knees, I came face to face with a big lion, who was skulking in a hollow. I was within four feet of his head when I discovered him. His eyes were open very wide, and his breath came to me with a sickening odor, but he neither growled nor moved for a full minute. We looked into each other's eyes, and I was so overcome that I was like one paralyzed for the time. At that short distance his eyes had the brightness of electric lights. Indeed they seemed to burn mine, and the feeling did not leave me for four or five days.

After a minute or so the lion uttered a low growl and sat up for a better look at me. I was on my knees, and he snuffed at me and uncovered his great teeth. Perhaps another might have fired at him, as his head and chest offered a target like a barn door, and I had my gun all ready, but I hadn't the power to raise my arms. He growled again and then turned around and sneaked off through the bushes and got away. When my companions came up, I was too weak to walk to my horses, and on reaching camp I had to go to bed.

It was while referring to this adventure some time later that a native related his queer experience with a lion. He was returning to his village one afternoon when a snake bit him. He was obliged to stop and find certain roots and make a poultice, and thus got belated. As he hurried on in the twilight a lion suddenly leaped into the path before him and barred his further progress. Had the man turned to flee he would have been struck down. He stood there gasping with fright and ready to collapse, when it suddenly flashed upon him that the lion appeared in playful mood. The beast lay down and rolled over, pawed at the earth, and when the native advanced a step it became certain that the lion was in for a lark.

"While I was frightened almost to death," said the man, "I had sense enough to humor him. I jumped at him, and he frisked and bounded like a puppy. Then I retreated, and he ran after me. It was two miles to the village, and we kept up the play until within a few rods of the first hut. I had my hand on him 20 times, and when I entered the village I had some of the hairs of his mane to prove the particulars of my adventure."

We were in Matabeleland—a government expedition consisting of upward of 200 men—and had gone into camp two hours before sundown one day at a pool, when one of the white men fired at a lion who was making off. The king of beasts had been "snoozing" in the shade of some bushes in the open plain and had remained quiet in hopes we would pass. When he saw us go into camp, he made a sneak for the forest, a quarter of a mile away, and had almost reached it when the shot was fired.

There was no hope of hitting him, but more by accident than intention the ball struck the target. The lion was wounded in the ham. We saw him turn and bite at the wound and were laughing at his antics when he suddenly headed for the camp. Although he was a big fellow, his mane stood up until it seemed as if he was the size of a 3-year-old steer. His leaps were something tremendous, and he roared at every spring.

At least 20 shots were fired at the lion as he charged, and some of the bullets flung dirt into his face, but we might as well have tried to stop a hurricane. He had been insulted and wounded, and he wanted revenge. The first thing he came to was a horse hitched to the hind wheel of a wagon. He knocked the horse over as he sprang, lacerating his back in a terrible manner. Then he knocked down a native, breaking the man's collar bone, pulled another down and shook the life out of him and then attacked a second horse.

He was on the horse's back as two of us fired and hit him hard. He fell to the ground, rolled over, and then sprang to the seat of a wagon and pulled a native to the earth. I saw him seize the native by the right shoulder and fling him about as if he had been a stick. He got another bullet here, and with a roar of pain and rage he reared up beside another horse, fastened teeth and claws in the poor animal's neck and pulled him down by main strength. He then fastened his teeth in the horse's throat and dragged him 30 or 40 feet.

HIS EYES HAD THE BRIGHTNESS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Nearly all in the camp had taken to flight or sought safety in the trees by this time, but just as the lion was approaching another horse a bullet broke his spine and ended his career. We found that he had a very sore hind foot, probably from a thorn or sliver, and this perhaps accounted for his ill temper and wonderful audacity, though there are numerous instances that a wounded lion fears nothing on earth except a wild elephant.

A Plum Failure.

Mr. Phonoyman—Speaking of flowers and fruits and the like, there was only one fruit in the Garden of Eden that was a failure.

Mr. Uptown—Which was that?

Phonoyman—The early pair, of course.—Texas Siftings.

No Reminder.

Auntie—Does this cake make you think of grandma?

Katie—Mercy, no.

Auntie—Why not?

Katie—She always gave me two pieces.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Worst of It.

"I thought I was prepared for the worst, but I must say I wasn't expecting this," said the new boarder as he sat down to his seventh consecutive breakfast of sausage.—Detroit Tribune.

Blissful Ignorance.

"I don't believe that aunt of mine knows she has a mustache," soliloquized young Spoonmore, "and it's been right under her nose for the last 25 years."—Chicago Tribune.

But It Didn't Work.

Wife—John, it was I whom you came into the house last night.

Husband—And you were the one I came home to see, darling.—Boston Transcript.

No Place For Exercise.

First Little Boy—Has your folks got a piano lamp?

Second Little Boy—No.

First Little Boy—Wot do you do w'en you wants to climb?—Good News.

A PLAGUE OF CRIMINALS

Chicago Wrestling With an Epidemic of Lawlessness.

ROBBERY OF TREASURER DRAKE.

The Jails Overflowing With Crooks—A Dramatic Critic Held Up—Poker Players Robbed—Wholesale Ticket Forgery. Vigorous Efforts of the Police.

If the story told by John Adams Drake, treasurer of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa Railroad company, is true, he has been the victim of one of the boldest and most sensational robberies ever known even in enterprising Chicago. The company has offices in the Rookery building, and Mr. Drake went there the other morning to get $9,105, which had been placed in pay en-

JOHN ADAMS DRAKE.

velopes and left in the safe over night. As it was his intention to take a 7:35 train and go out over the road to pay off the employes, he arrived at the Rookery at 7 o'clock, an hour when the building was practically deserted.

He left his keys in the office door, went in and opened the vault and the safe inside, and took out the package of money envelopes. The money was put in a valise, together with the payrolls and other papers, and stepping outside Mr. Drake was just about to close the vault door. As he swung it back into place a man threw one arm about his throat from behind, and another struck him a hard blow on the temple. Drake struggled and tried to scream, but the robbers struck him several heavy blows on the head with a blunt weapon, and he fell to the floor unconscious.

About half an hour later John Hale, a letter carrier, found Drake on the floor of the office stunned and only partially conscious. His head was badly bruised, and his general appearance bore evidence of the rough treatment he had received. The empty satchel, wide open, lay a few feet away, surrounded by a confusion of papers. The package of money envelopes was gone.

The police were at once notified, but were unable to trace the robbers. After investigating the case they were mean enough to suggest a suspicion that Mr. Drake may have sandbagged and robbed himself. Drake's friends pooh pooh this idea. While they admit that the young man sometimes played the races, they say he could have no motive for the crime. He did not need money and could have obtained $90,000 from his father by asking for it. Young Drake is a son of General F. M. Drake of Centerville, Ia., president of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa road and founder of the Drake university at Des Moines.

This Drake robbery is only one of many recent crimes which have caused Chicagoans to realize that the World's fair was not an unmixed blessing. The crooks, who were attracted from all quarters by the exposition, seem to have turned themselves loose on the citizens of the town. Never before were the police so busy, and there are more crooks, thieves, thugs, highwaymen, robbers, footpads, window climbers and bad men generally under arrest at the present moment in Chicago than at any previous time in the history of the city.

On the same morning that Drake was assaulted and robbed Thomas Pruntry was murdered in his own home by burglars, and his son and daughter were shot and wounded. Although it may seem incredible to the mere finite mind, footpads had the temerity to hold up one of the knowing newspaper men who writes scorching critiques for the morning papers and relieve him of his watch and chain, overcoat and pocket money.

This last outrage was a meet forerunner to the crowning infamy—the swiping of a jackpot. This dastardly crime took place at 1 o'clock in the morning in the rooms of the Amity club, where 12 members were enjoying a quiet game of poker. Two intruders appeared suddenly, showed their hands and took every cent of the $400 on the table. After making the haul the robbers got away before the astounded players had time to look around.

The municipal authorities have taken vigorous means to suppress the reign of lawlessness. All of the extra police are on duty at night, and pedestrians encountered after midnight are required to give a satisfactory account of themselves. This strict surveillance will probably have the desired effect in impressing upon the criminal classes the advisability of leaving town.

The discovery of wholesale counterfeiting of railway tickets is another revelation that has startled the community. The principal railroads victimized were the Baltimore and Ohio, Erie, Nickel Plate, Missouri Pacific and New York, Ontario and Western. It is alleged that they have been mulcted to the amount of over $800,000, and probably $200,000 more is represented in the forged tickets that have not been used nor captured by the detectives.

The tickets are the most perfect counterfeits ever issued. In checking the used tickets from the original record, two tickets of the same form number were found. The numbering of railroad tickets must be absolutely accurate. The auditor satisfied himself that both tickets were genuine and sent a stinging note to his printer, scoring him severely for his carelessness.

The printer appeared in person with an indignant denial of the charge, but when he saw the two tickets of the same number he was compelled to acknowledge that the error was made in his office. The next day the auditor discovered 67 duplicated tickets and the day following nearly 300 duplicated tickets showed up in the collections, and a panic reigned in the auditing department.

Experts were called in, and the fraud was detected. Then the other railroad companies were notified, and further sensational discoveries followed. Detectives were placed on the trail of the counterfeiters, and the end is not yet. In the meantime the railroad officials are holding their breath in fear of further disastrous developments.

C. T. BAXTER.

What Decided Him.

"It's no use," said the poet to the barber, "I will have to get my hair cut."

"All right. Want it pretty short?"

"Close up. I want the job attended to thoroughly."

"Long hair isn't in style any more," ventured the barber in an effort to be genial.

"It isn't the style I care for. Just a few minutes ago I was introduced to a man, and he said, 'Which do you play, football or the piano?'"—Exchange.

British North American Indians live on reindeer meat almost exclusively. They are big and strong, many of them being 6 feet high.

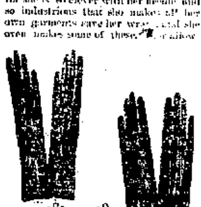
HER NEW WINTER HAT

PATERFAMILIAS PRESSED IT INTO A STYLISH SHAPE.

Fashionable Headgear Is Fearfully and Wonderfully Formed—Old Kid Gloves and the Latest Hand Sewed Goods—Olive Harper's Gossip.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—I have a delicious young lady friend, and she always manages to be on the very top wave of the fashion and on very little money, too, for she is so clever with her needle and so industrious that she makes all her own garments save her wraps, and she even makes some of those. Her allowance is not very great, but her judgment is good and she makes the very best of everything.



FIRST IN GLOVES.

She keeps pace with the earliest styles and improves her French by buying the French fashion books. She evolves models of gowns, pictures of hats and no end of dainty little trifles that make her an authority. Into each she works something of herself, and so she has a distinct style of her own.

But, strange as it may appear, this season she could not seem to suit herself with a hat. No matter how she might bend, twist and torture the unhappy felt, it would always fall short of her desire, and at last she threw the latest offender on the living room lounge and went off to have a good cry. While she was indulging in that feminine pleasure, her dear, fat old father came in tired, and being somewhat short sighted lay down on the hat and calmly went to sleep.

Letty had her cry out and went after the hat, intending to try another combination, and the poor father sat up wondering how much he would have to give her to appease her wounded feelings when she pounced on him and kissed him in delight, for where he had lain he had bent the brim up, and the warmth of his body had ironed or pressed it into an unheard of form. Now one part of the brim reaches way over the back, and the other bends up sharply. This she split and bound with velvet, and on the crown she set a lot of fluffy tips, the ends to under the velvet band. It was "so awfully stylish" that now half the other girls are striving to get hats like it.

The new hats may be described as odd, odder and oddest. One had a brim of drab felt, scalloped around the edge by an embroidered pattern in blue silk. Plumes, half of each being blue and the other white, and dark blue Alsatian bows formed the garniture. The fancy of bending the brim upward and then forward in one point is a new and pretty idea and becoming too. Wide ribbon or velvet Alsatian bows are much liked. Hats for young girls and small girls are of so many shapes that no detailed description could be given. The felts are bent and twisted into every conceivable form, but feathers and bows are the sole trimmings in vogue for them.

I came across a place the other day where I was treated to a long dissertation on gloves and was shown some such as were worn many years ago as the highest—in fact, the only—style to be obtained then, and I was fortunate enough to borrow a pair of these old gloves to show by the side of "the latest." The small, black, one button glove was the only kind worn by ladies before 1826. Then came the two button as more elegant, and from that to the long suede is a succession of steps.

The first white glove for gentlemen's evening wear was made of undressed kid in 1893 by the famous Perinot and was an innovation. It is now yellow with age, but preserved carefully as a memento of the founder of the glove industry in France. Those same old gloves—the very first—had all the gussets and thumbpieces that mark the best gloves today, and if the wrists were long they would be in style. As it is, they look quaint enough seen beside "the latest," in the way of a dainty pink four button with black stripes and a long suede mousquetaire. These are all hand sewed still, though the most of glovemakers have adopted the machine, which makes gloves come cheaper.

LATEST IN GLOVES.

OLIVE HARPER.

"ARISTOCRATIC" FISH.

Peculiar Customs and Tariffs In the French Metropolis.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, Dec. 1.—The Parisians are noted for their cooking. Whenever we hear of a "French dish" or "French cookery" it means that the food is cooked after the Parisian method. This fact has become a household word the world over, but there is something about Parisian epicureanism that is not so widely known. It relates to fish, a food which forms a very large part of the Parisian dietary. As a matter of fact, a larger amount of fish is consumed in Paris—proportionately—than in any city in the world.

The strange thing about fish in Paris is that it has its grades, just as have the people. Among the inhabitants we have the upper class, consisting of the families of the old nobility and the leaders in politics, who in this country are generally of "gentle blood;" the bourgeois, or middle class, which is the same in every nation, and the working class, which consists, as does it everywhere, of mechanics, laborers and working men of different kinds.

In Paris there is a fish tariff commission that has allotted all kinds of fish that come to that market to three similar classes. One class of fish is called the "aristocratic" and consists of salmon, trout, grayling, turbot, brill, shrimp, mullet, lobsters, crayfish and umbrina. Upon these fishes there is levied a duty of 40 francs per 100 kilos. The second class is commonly called "bourgeois" and includes lampreys, soles, eels, carp, sturgeon, gudgeon, perch and pike, and upon this class the tariff is only 21 francs per 100 kilos. All other fishes are allowed to enter Paris free of duty, it being considered that they are only fit for the working classes and that these people cannot afford to pay a high rate for their food. In the same way oysters pay a high tariff, all other mollusks being admitted free.

There is a delightful moral in this discriminating policy of the Parisian authorities. They hold that if you are rich enough to occupy a certain social position you must pay a tax to the city to uphold that position, and as one of the first marks of distinction of class in Paris is denoted by the table, the commissioners wisely tax the aristocrats and bourgeois through their food, as represented in the fish they offer upon their tables. For instance, a member of the "upper ten" would not dream of inviting a friend to a dinner where fish of the "bourgeois" or "working class" was set upon the menu. It is the same with the middle class, and as a result no one ever grumbles about this peculiar tariff.

Another peculiarity about the French fish markets is that notwithstanding the high tax some of the "aristocratic" fishes—especially salmon and turbot—can be purchased as cheaply at the coast as they can be bought in Paris. As a rule all of this class of fish is contracted for by the wholesale merchants in the capital, and none of it is offered for sale at the fishing ports along the coast. As a result, when you wish salmon, turbot, lobster or other "aristocratic" fish at a seaport town, you are provided with one that has been sent from Paris, the great central fish market. So that the fish you eat at dinner in Boulogne or Dieppe or Havre, even though it was caught off one of these ports, very frequently takes a trip to Paris and back before it is placed on the hotel table in the town where it was originally landed.

And, by the way, while writing of fish in the Parisian markets it will not be out of place to describe one of the prettiest and most fashionable of French dishes at this season. It is made by filling the tail shells, or the chitinous covering of lobsters' tails with a mixture of shrimp meat and sole torn into shreds and properly seasoned. The lobster's tail is taken in the hand when eating, and the dainty filling is taken out with a small, two pronged fork specially made for the purpose.

W. R. FRANCIS.

Fine Hunting.

[Special Correspondence.]

MINE BROOK, N. J., Dec. 7.—I don't think I ever saw so many liver spotted hounds in my life before as I did about a week ago out at this remote but lovely spot, where nature revels in living beauty all the year round. I suppose the great number of liver spotted hounds was due to the fact that it was the rabbit hunting season, because I saw men with guns following the hounds in that clear, bracing air which makes buckwheat cakes and sausages supreme felicity. But I saw no rabbits capering on the frosty ground nor hanging lifeless over the shoulders of the sportsmen to suggest the savory potpie and the toothsome fricassee.

"You haven't had much good luck, have you?" I asked of a sportsman in a corduroy suit.

"Not much luck," he replied, "but lots of fun."

"Do you call it fun when you find no game?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied as he whistled for his three or four spotted hounds. "There is no fun in shooting when you have to carry a feather duster to keep the birds from perching on your gun barrel. The great fun in hunting rabbits is in the hunt, and not in the act of bringing them to a halt with a charge of shot. I wouldn't give a cent to shoot where the game is abundant, because no skill is required when you don't even have to use a 10 cent yellow dog. I can remember when rabbits were as thick out around Mine Brook as academies and schools are in Summit. But there is not a rabbit here now."

"And still you are rabbit hunting?"

"Yes," he replied, "rabbit hunting, and by working my imagination I think I am going to get a shot at one every minute. In this way I have a fine tramp, exercise my spotted hounds and enjoy a fine day's hunting without using any powder and shot. I might as well have a tennis racket with me as a gun, and that's a good deal better than having to pick my steps, as I used to, to keep from stepping on rabbits and being sent sprawling, as on a banana skin."

And then he left me to enter a wood.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Unfortunate.

James Payn gives two examples of the things which should have been said, not indeed "otherwise," but never at all.

At an English dinner party there were some peaches which were what is commonly called "woolly"—that is, having little taste and less juice.

"My dear," said the host, addressing his wife from the other end of the table, "I don't think these peaches are a success; if the fruiterer had no better than these, it was a pity he sent us any."

Then the Lady Bountiful of the parish and the guest of the evening who, unknown to the host, had presented the peaches, observed plaintively:

"I am so sorry, dear Mr. Jones, but they were the best I had."

On another festive occasion Mr. Jones, who is by nature courtesy itself, complimented a middle aged lady upon her dress, the upper part of which was of black lace.

"Nothing," said he, "to my mind is so becoming as black and yellow."

"Yellow!" she cried. "Oh, good gracious! That's not my dress; that's me!"—Independent.

Fun Recognition.

Two young men of Louisville, salesmen in a dry goods store, hired bicycles and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps 10 miles out, they decided to have a race.

One of them got far ahead of the other, and in dashing round a turn ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes.

An aged woman who happened to be passing was met by the second rider.

"My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle on ahead?"

"No," said the woman, "but I saw a young man up the road a spell ago who was sittin on the ground mendin umbrellas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That Unscrupulous Germany.

Ere long the small boy—the unvarying rascal—
Will come home soaked and frightfully damp,
Because of his tour 'mongst the puddles and brooks
To see if the ice is as thin as it looks.
—Washington Star.

"ABOUT ASSASSINS."

AMERICA HAS FEW COMPARED WITH EUROPE.

THE REMOVAL OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR ALEXANDER.

Was Only One of the Many Crimes of Its Kind in Distracted Europe—And the Assassins Had Sympathizers—English and Other Assassins.

IN A LONDON PAPER there recently appeared the remarkable statement that the assassination of Carter Harrison is "one of those things which we associate with America for no other reason than that Europe is not on a large enough scale for them." Exactly what this sentence may mean only the gifted London journalist could explain. In point of fact, America has been singularly free from the crime of political assassination. The cases of Lincoln and of Garfield stand, indeed, in melancholy prominence, but they stand almost alone. And it is a singular and noteworthy fact that in Europe during the last hundred years or so, the period, in short, of the existence of the United States, there have been more attempts upon the lives of royal personages, rulers and prominent officials than at any other period of the world's history.

ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD.

Another point is worth noticing. Two out of the three political murders in America were committed by cranks, and they committed them only on their own responsibility—or irresponsibility. They had no confederates, no sympathizers, no admirers. And even the third case—the murder of Lincoln—was at the worst the conspiracy of a handful of fanatics who imagined they were assisting a cause that indignantly and with horror repudiated them. But in Europe most of the assassinations as well as the murderous assaults were the result of carefully laid plans with which a certain proportion of the people were actively or sympathetically in unison.

Notably was this true of the four assassinations in Russia. The murder of the Czar Alexander in 1881, whose particulars are too familiar to need recalling, was a nihilistic plot on a large scale. So were the murders of Lieutenant Nicholas Mezentsoff, chief of the Russian police, and Mayor Alexejeff of Moscow. The assassination of Paul I, earlier in the century (March 23, 1801,) was the result of a conspiracy in his own household.

He had exasperated part of the Russian nobility against himself by an irritable and over susceptible temper. They at length determined to get rid of him. On the night of March 23 Paul seems to have had some misgivings. He took a more than usually affectionate farewell of his wife and children. He lay down in his regimentals and boots—who would not be an emperor?—and his guards took up their posts before his chamber door. In the dead of night a handful of conspirators passed the drawbridge and made their way stealthily up the staircase to the emperor's chamber, where by this time the guards had been changed by fellow conspirators—all but one, a faithful hussar, who always slept at the bedroom door of his master in an anteroom. This man it had been found impossible to remove. At the first appearance of the conspirators he jumped up, but was instantly cut down.

The noise awoke the emperor just in time to see the whole party rush into his room. In vain he sought to parley with them, offering to relinquish his scepter, to make them all princes. Then, finding all was vain, he plunged madly for the window and attempted to break through it, gashing his head fearfully in the struggle. He was dragged back again.

"We have passed the Rubicon!" exclaimed one of the conspirators. "If we spare his life, before the setting of tomorrow's sun we shall be his victims!"

A ROMAN ASSASSINATION.

Thus rallied, the murderers passed a sash around the neck of the emperor. A minute later and he had strangled to death.

Abdul Aziz, the Turkish sultan who was said to have committed suicide in 1876, is generally believed to have been assassinated in the interest of his brother. No doubt whatever exists in regard to the case of Mehemet Ali, the distinguished Turkish soldier, who, while serving as an extraordinary commissioner of the porte, was with his suite massacred at Jakova by the Albanians. This occurred early in September, 1878. Exactly ten years before Prince Michael of Servia had met with a violent death at the hands of political assassins.

In the year 1831 Count Capo d'Istria, then president of Greece, was assassinated at Nauplia by the brothers Mauromichalis. He had been elected in 1827. Popular at first, he soon became odious. In fact, he was found out to be nothing but a Russian agent. His death probably cut short plans which, had they succeeded, would have altered the course of European events.

Another distinguished personage who was sacrificed to appease a hatred for Russia was the dramatist Kotzebue. He had alienated the progressive party in Germany by his reactionary writings. Retiring from the storm of unpopularity he had found refuge in Russia. On his return in 1819 he was suspected, perhaps justly, of being a spy in the employ of the czar. A number of fiery students at Mannheim decided that he must die. Lots were cast as to who should shoot him. The choice fell upon Charles Ludwig Sand. He was a young man whose gentleness seemed to unfit him for the part of a murderer. Nevertheless he perpetrated the crime with reckless daring. Afterward, having ineffectually attempted suicide, he went to the scaffold without quailing. Hardly had the sensation caused by the outrage subsided than Europe was once more startled by the murder of the Duc de Berri, second son of Charles X, and father of the present Count de Chambord, who was stabbed on the steps of the old opera house in Paris Feb. 13, 1820.

In the United Kingdom the most terrible of recent happenings of this sort was the Phoenix park murder. This, as will be remembered, occurred May 6, 1882. Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed secretary for Ireland, and Thomas A. Bourke, the under secretary, took a stroll through Phoenix park, Dublin, on the very day of the former's arrival in that city. At 8 p. m. they were found lying dead or dying in a corner of the park within sight of the vice-regal windows. Neither spoke after they were found. All that appeared from the evidence of eye witnesses was that four men, in dark clothes, mounted on an "outside car," painted red, were driven by a man in a slouch hat up to the two gentlemen; that the men jumped down, and, while the car waited—the carman never turning his head—surrounded and stabbed Cavendish and Bourke with long knives, and, remounting, drove away. Men, car and horse had then disappeared into space.

ASSASSINATION OF CAREY.

Now it happened that just four days previous Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly, the Irish nationalist leaders, had been released from Kilmainham jail. In spite of their expressed horror many English tories would not at first believe that they were guiltless of all connection with the crime they deplored. A ferocious spirit of revenge was excited and led to increased stringency in the Irish coercion act. Meanwhile large rewards were offered for the murderers. But it was not till a year later that they were brought to justice, and then only through the treachery of their leader, James Carey, who turned crown's evidence. He implicated twenty-one men in the conspiracy. Most of them were found guilty and either hanged or imprisoned for life.

James Carey, the real head of the plot, had excited such general execration in Ireland that his fellows almost came to be regarded in comparison as misguided but devoted patriots. The English government sought to save him by smuggling him on a ship bound for Australia. But an Irish-American named Patrick O'Donnell took passage on the same ship, ascertained the identity of Carey and shot him dead on the high seas. O'Donnell was taken back to England, convicted and hanged.

Previous to the Phoenix park case there had been no political murder actually committed in England since May 11, 1812, when Spencer Perceval, who had been prime minister of England since 1809, was shot in the lobby of the house of commons by Bellingham. The latter had a grievance against the Russian government which he thought the minister ought to have espoused. In short, he was a crank of a somewhat higher order than Guiteau. The defense of insanity was put up for him, as in Guiteau's case, and many people thought that he should have escaped on that plea. But he was brought in guilty and hanged before the expiration of the month.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has been attacked no less than six times, Bismarck twice, the late Emperor William I, three times, the present czar several times, and the king of Italy, his brother the ex-king of Spain, Queen Isabella, Gladstone, the queen of Greece, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the late Kings Alfonso of Spain and Ferdinand of Naples at least once each.

THE DEACONS AGAIN.

It Is Possible That They Will Become Reconciled Again.

A reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon, they of pistol and paramour fame, is what the relatives of this sundered couple have been trying to bring about for some time. Only very recently has there been reason to hope for a successful issue of these efforts. Mrs. Baldwin, stepmother of Mrs. Deacon, and young Baldwin, a brother, have been mainly active in the negotiations. The interests and future of the Deacon children—financially, not morally—have been powerful arguments with Mr. Deacon. It seems that he has even consented to an interview with his former wife in the presence of a third party. What sort of a reconciliation is to be arrived at seems conjecturable. Friends of Mr. Deacon say he will not do anything more than agree to see his wife now and again, but Mrs. Deacon's friends declare that she has been given to understand that the husband is willing to forget the past. What gives color to all this is the advent of letters which throw an entirely new light upon the relations with Abeille. These epistles, in connection with other evidence, show that Mrs. Deacon's conduct was inspired by devotion to a friend whose secrets must be guarded under penalty of social ostracism. During the divorce proceedings, it now appears, Mrs. Deacon could have cleared herself from all imputations had she chosen to make known all she knew. All these things are said to be paving the way to a final reconciliation of this couple.

MRS. DEACON.

Blue Foxes.

On the island of St. George, one of the Pribylof group in Bering sea, the breeding of blue foxes has become very profitable. They generate very rapidly, and when an island of good size once becomes well stocked it is impossible to deplete it, as the law provides that they must not be shot, but trapped, the restriction being imposed mainly to keep them tame.

Santa Claus

Has induced the Nickel Plate road to sell excursion tickets at very low rates during the holidays.

HE WAS A BAD MAN.

JIMMIE CARROLL, WHO RECENTLY DIED IN CHICAGO.

A LIFE DEVOTED TO CRIMINAL DEEDS.

Checkered Career of a Man Who from Childhood Stole the Wealth of others—As Is Always the Case With Thieves He Died a Pauper.

FRANK, OR as he was better known, "Jimmy" Carroll, who died in St. John's hospital, Chicago, the other day, was one of the cleverest bank robbers and promoters of burglaries that this country has ever known. His birthplace is not exactly known. He would never say more than that he was born in New York state. He was probably born in New York city.

He was about 50 years old when he died. Twenty-five years ago he had made a reputation as a crook. He lived by theft. More fortunate than many of his class, he was only rarely convicted, and stole and spent several comfortable fortunes during his career. He was never what is termed a daring rascal. His character was of the low, shrewd, cunning order.

He could locate a "job" and plan the operation as few others could, but he rarely took an active part in executing the crimes he planned. Still, if there was big money in a scheme and he had no one whom he could trust to do the work for him he would do it alone. He drifted around the country for some years before he finally settled down in Chicago. Prior to that he was known as a "pal" to "Johnnie" Hope and the others who gained notoriety by the Manhattan bank burglary. He went to Chicago in 1875. There he soon connected himself with "Joe" Brown, "Kid" O'Brien, "Joe" Parish, "Billie" Burke and other criminals.

"JIMMY" CARROLL.

One of his first crimes after joining this gang was the theft of papers worth $10,000 from the old Chicago Savings Institute and Trust company at Dearborn and Madison streets. "Kid" O'Brien was arrested with a portion of the stolen documents in his possession. The thieves escaped conviction by restoring the plunder. In 1878 Carroll was associated with "Billie" Burke and one "Tom" Bigelow in a diamond theft in Atlanta, Ga. Burke and Bigelow entered the store, and while Carroll watched outside they stole $1,500 worth of diamonds. This case, through Carroll's efforts, was compromised for $1,000.

Carroll was as quick as lightning, and although frequently behind the bars on suspicion of having a hand in various crimes, he generally managed to go scot free one way or another. He was arrested one night in Mike McDonald's place, in Chicago, on suspicion of robbing a citizen. He obtained permission to step behind a desk to write a note to his wife. While the detective who had arrested him was talking to another man, "Jimmy" slipped down behind the desk, crawled to a rear door and escaped.

In October, 1876, he married Mary D. Corrille, a daughter of old "Mother" Filkins, who was well-known to the police as the keeper of a disreputable house at Clark and Van Buren streets. The daughter was known to the habitues as "Marengo Moll." Carroll kept her in fine style while they lived together, but in 1871, while he was doing time in Canada, she got a divorce.

One of Carroll's best known exploits was the robbery of the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank in Galesburg, Ill., on July 3, 1870, when $10,000 in currency was stolen. Eight years elapsed before he was convicted of that crime. His accomplices were "Paddy" and "Eddie" Guerin, Martin Paris, "Molly" Matches and "Billie" Burke. The latter was never suspected and escaped, but the others were all punished. It was Carroll who planned the job. Davis entered the cashier's office about 1 p. m. and asked to have a $20 bill changed. While the cashier was making the change two others of the gang entered the vaults in the rear and stole the $10,000 from a pile of $20,000. More was not taken for the reason that what they did take would not be so quickly missed.

"MARENGO MOLL."

Carroll next turned up in Montreal, where he stole $15,000 from the cashier of the Lachine Canal Extension company. The cashier made monthly trips, carrying money in a valise. Carroll and a "pal" had a duplicate valise made and succeeded in substituting it. Carroll spent more of his time in jail during the last few years of his life than ever before, and it was imprisonment that broke his health.

SHE BARRED HIM OUT.

A Bride Who Considered Her Husband as Very Impudent.

The guests at the Kennedy house in Nashville were in a good humor the other day over an occurrence which had transpired the night before. Wednesday there arrived from Florida a bridal couple who had come direct to Chattanooga immediately following the ceremony. Both bride and groom gave every evidence of refinement, and later developments proved that their good breeding and modesty were most marked. The gentleman is a prosperous merchant in the "Land of Flowers," and his bride one of the brightest and most winsome buds in the garden of female loveliness.

The couple reached the hotel late in the evening, and were immediately ushered into the bridal room of the hostelry. Shortly following the disposition of the baggage the groom reappeared in the office of the hotel, where only the night clerk remained. That courteous official, noting the nervousness of the stranger, made bold to inquire if he could provide further toward his comfort. The young man's blush was akin to scarlet when he thanked the clerk and confessed he merely sought the office while his wife retired, and would himself retire later on. Some time elapsed, when the clerk suggested that the stranger appeared sleepy and possibly the bride was exercised over his long absence. Again the Floridian's modesty painted his face a bright red as he arose and said he believed he would turn in. In five minutes he was again back in the office. "Mr. Clerk," he said, "I must ask your advice. The modesty of both my wife and myself is developed to an extraordinary extent. While she was making her toilet for the night I withdrew. It seems she feared intrusion and to guard against it locked the door. She has evidently fallen asleep, for I cannot awaken her. What shall I do?"

The clerk, who is a man advanced in years, is of blunt architecture and readily responded: "Possibly your knock was of the timid character. Try it again and with more demonstration." The groom acted under instructions, but either the deep sleep of the bride or her extraordinary modesty denied the husband admittance. The clerk retired from the hallway to conceal his mirth and the groom, thinking he was not detected, lost heart and quietly tiptoed down the hall, took a seat upon the back stair landing and remained there throughout the entire night.

The next morning he made his toilet in the washroom, joined the bride at the breakfast table, and when hunger had been appeased settled his bill and the couple took the first train for out of town.

A Village Excited.

The village of Maybee, Mich., is in the throes of a church scandal. George Hochradel, a farmer and business man, charges Rev. P. Born, pastor of the Lutheran church, with having played havoc with his domestic relations. A church trial resulted in the acquittal of the minister, but Hochradel would not down, and repeated his charges more vehemently than ever. Born then brought suit against Hochradel for slander, placing his damages at $10,000. On his return home the other evening a crowd gathered with the avowed purpose of mobbing the pastor, but cooler counsel prevailed, and the matter will be allowed to take its course in the courts.

PASTOR BORN.

BOLD YOUNG VIXENS

Haze One of Their Shopmates In a Most Cruel Manner.

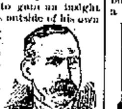
A remarkable case of vicious "hazing," in which a young woman was the victim, occurred at Matteawan, N. Y., recently. The parties concerned in the affair are all employees in the cutting-room of Carroll's big hat manufactory at that place. Enoch Tompkins is the foreman of the department and employs twenty or more girls. Miss Jessie Antz, a comely German girl, with a limited knowledge of the English language, became the butt of her shopmates and some of them abused her shamefully. She was given but slight warning before they pounced upon her. First, one slapped her on the face, then another pulled out a handful of her long blonde hair. Then ensued a rough-and-tumble fight, with six or seven girls piled on the young German girl. When her tormentors finally desisted Miss Antz's hair was disheveled, one eye was blackened, her nose was bleeding and her clothing was torn into shreds. Jessie soon afterward made a formal complaint of assault and six of her assailants were summoned to appear before Justice M. J. Sandford. This they did, but their examination was conducted in secret. They succeeded in working upon the susceptible feelings of Justice Sandford to such an extent that he finally dismissed the case and told the offenders "not to do it again." Jessie may appeal the case.

BREAKS FROM TAMMANY.

Postmaster Dayton of New York City Favors Civil Service Reform.

[New York Correspondence.]

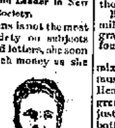
Postmaster Dayton's recent trip to Chicago was made not only to see the World's Fair, but to gain an insight into postal methods outside of his own city. He has not expressed himself one way or the other on the subject of the proposed convention of postmasters which it is hoped to hold in Washington. The postmasters, should they meet, are expected to petition congress for a law giving them tenure of office during good behavior. Civil service reformers are at the head of this scheme, say the department sages. What annoys Dayton now is the accusation of being under Mayor Gilroy's thumb. The mayor, having been instrumental in Dayton's appointment, may feel that he should have a hand in the distribution of the spoils. At all events, it seems that Mr. Dayton and Mr. Gilroy are not on the best of terms, a fact which will have an important influence on New York politics.



MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

A Lady of Learning and Leader in New York's Society.

If Mrs. Paran Stevens is not the most learned woman in society on subjects connected with art and letters, she soon will be. Moreover such money as she expends in the gratification of her tastes is so judiciously laid out that the value of what she purchases steadily increases. Many presents are sent her from all over the world, her fame as a collector having spread beyond our shores. In literature Mrs. Stevens devotes herself to specialties. Her library is rich in the works of writers upon Florentine history, and she is herself a noted student of Dante. The dowager Empress Victoria of Germany has long been a devoted reader of the Divina Commedia, and it was owing to this that Mrs. Stevens' name is not unknown to her.



MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

Hydrophobia

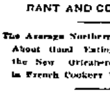
Dogs transmit it through their teeth. Teeth should be kept free from virus. Use SOZODONT, keep the human teeth clean, and no damage can be done by the man who says to his girl, "I feel like eating you up, dearest."

DOWN IN N'ORLEANS

WHERE THE FRENCH RESTAURANT AND COOK REIGN.

The Average Northerner Knows Little About Good Eating Compared With the New Orleaners—Some Recipes In French Cookery Worth Knowing.

[New Orleans Correspondence.]



AMONG THE MOST interesting features of this—to the stranger within her gates—fascinating city are the old-fashioned restaurants in the French part of town.

There is as much difference between a bouillon, or a fricassee served a-la-francaise, and the ordinary American soup or stew, as can be imagined. Somehow these creole cooks understand l'art de cuisine, and practice it to the advantage of their patrons and their own purse.

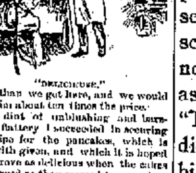
And it is reasonable, too, when one goes into a restaurant below Canal street, away down in French town, on Rue Marigny or Bourbon or Chartres, or some of the many high-sounding names given the narrow streets of this part of the city.

One finds the table spread many times with not too spotless napery, and the water carafe does not always sparkle, nor the silver shine from overzealous rubbing. But the garcon is delightfully courteous; Madam is seated with magnificent ceremoniousness; Monsieur's hat and cane are borne carefully away and the smiling Frenchman, his hair carefully parted, the ends of his mustache fierce in their waxed and pointed splendor, stands in an attitude worthy of Racine's tragedy king to receive your order.

"Un bouillon?" Oh, yes, so nice today; parfaitement; "fish?" "A-h-h!" with airy gesture and emphasizing exclamation; "delicieuse!" "A court-bouillon?" or maybe madame prefers fried croakers, or broiled sheepshead? Whichever we take we find good. The court-bouillon proves a delicious surprise, with its rich gravy and delicate white-fleshed fish; and the croakers are voted perfection. A broiled sheephead, served with drawn butter and sliced lemon, as are indeed most of the fish we select, is different in taste to the fish we find in more northern latitudes. The soup is clear, seasoned just right and the potatoes are brown and crisp. Tiny French loaves, pickles and olives are on the table, and for dessert perhaps we order pancakes as big as a breakfast plate, light and smoking hot, buttered generously and powdered daintily with sugar. The tiny cup of fragrant cafe noir finishes the slender yet satisfying repast, and it is indeed "black coffee," staining its cup copper brown, yet clear as crystal. Its aroma is so delicate we think it must surely be imported Mocha, but those of us who know the true inwardness of Francois and his economical turn of mind insist that he buys nothing finer than ordinary Rio and that the secret lies in the parching, grinding and preparing being accomplished while we wait.

The Creole cook never spends any more than he can help, but he assuredly gets the full worth of his money. Marvellous tales are told of the possibilities lying within a few pounds of the round of the beef in the hands of a clever chef de cuisine, and nearly all these tiny restaurants have a chef of their own, whose powers of seasoning and serving savory compounds is only equalled by his lack of knowledge in any other essential point.

So as the bright glory of these autumn days tempts us abroad to enjoy the balmy softness of their sunshine and breeze, we often wend our way along the narrow, foreign-looking streets where blinds and doors are rigorously closed until evening draws the family out to sit sociably on the steps, to first one restaurant and then another, sure of finding, whichever we may enter, the same degree of dinginess, the same obsequious, polite service and the same appetizing, savory dishes. At Delmonico's we assuredly would have more beautiful surroundings; would be seated behind plate glass windows and safe from the intrusion of a single fly. Here we have flies in plenty—too many, in fact, and there isn't a glass a foot square in a window anywhere; the out-look is different indeed than from the aristocratic Gotham caterer's, but not Delmonico himself could serve a more appetizing or better cooked meal than we got here, and we would pay him about ten times the price.



"DELICIEUSE."

By dint of unblushing and barefaced flattery I succeeded in securing a recipe for the pancakes, which is herewith given, and which it is hoped will prove as delicious when the cakes are served as they seemed to me when I tasted them in a 10x12 restaurant way down in the old French quarter of the Crescent city:

Beat together an egg and a pint of milk, adding a pinch of salt; pour gradually, stirring meanwhile, upon four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and mix perfectly smooth. The batter must be no thicker than rich cream. Heat a small frying-pan very hot and grease it well with drippings; pour in just enough of the batter to cover the bottom. In one minute the cake must be turned, and this should be done as deftly as possible. It is a goodly sight to see the slim chef tossing up the pancake only to catch it on the other side, but alas! we, the people, cannot do as he does; we can only learn to be quick with the cake turner. Pile on a hot plate, sprinkling lightly with powdered sugar and first buttering. The secret of perfection with these cakes is to have as thin as possible and very tender.

EMMA J. MCFADDAN.

Holiday Excursion Rates

Via the Nickel Plate road Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31 and Jan. 1st, good returning until Jan 2d, '94.

Stanton's Photos are the best.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

To patrons of the Nickel Plate road. Special excursion dates Dec. 22, 24, 25, 30, 31 and Jan 1st, good returning until Jan. 2d, '94. 8 9 15 16 22 23 29 30w31t

The Crier of the Nile.

Upon the rise of the Nile, as every one knows, depends the fertility of Lower Egypt. Unless the river reaches a certain height the fields of the Delta will not receive enough water, and the crops will be poor.

When the Nile begins to grow its daily increase is carefully noted, and, as the day when a good Nile is due draws near, the people become very excited.

In Cairo an official, known as the crier of the Nile, is appointed for each district of the city, whose business it is to tell the folk day by day the state of the river. The crier is usually accompanied by a boy, who adds the responses to his pious exclamations. Crying commences on the 3d of July, with the statement that "Allah has been propitious to the land; to-morrow will be the day of good news."

On the morrow the crier recites in a long-winded style passages from the koran, until his audience getting impatient, he gives them the glad tidings of the river's rise for that day: "Five and a half digits, and the Lord is bountiful." To which the boy responds: "Bless ye Mohammed."

As everybody is interested in the news, rich men will arrange with the crier, for a piece of bread or money, to stop before their houses and deliver his message. When the river is at its height the crier announces the fact, and then his duty ceases until next season. As a rule, he and his boy receive no pay until the day before the great feast that is held at the opening of the Cairo canal.

A Preserved Pig.

A curious old story tells of a house which stood under the cliffs near Dover, England. During a terrible storm a portion of the rock fell, wrecking the house. In the ruins were buried the father, mother, five children and one other child, the son of a neighbor. The father only was rescued alive; the others were smothered.

At the back of the house stood the pig-sty, inhabited at the time of the accident by one very large and fat hog, says Harper's Young People. The animal was neglected, and no one took the trouble to attempt to release him. Six months afterward some workmen passing the spot heard a faint noise. At first they were frightened, but, as the sound was several times repeated, they began to dig to discover the cause.

Far down among the timbers and rocks they excavated the pig, a mere skeleton, with pale eyes and long, shaggy hair. What had preserved its life so long was a mystery, but live it did, and for several years afterward. The owner exhibited the animal throughout England, and made a good sum of money out of his long-buried pig.

The Highest Tower in the World.

At Wembley Park, a finely-wooded district to the northwest of London, within a quarter of an hour's railway ride of the metropolis, there has been laid out a new playground for Londoners; the chief feature of which will be a graceful tower built of iron and steel.

The tower itself will be nearly 1,200 feet high—200 feet higher than the Eiffel tower, in Paris—and will be thus the tallest structure of its kind in the world. Square in shape, and standing on four huge legs, it will taper gradually to the top, where an electric light will send its rays for miles on every side.

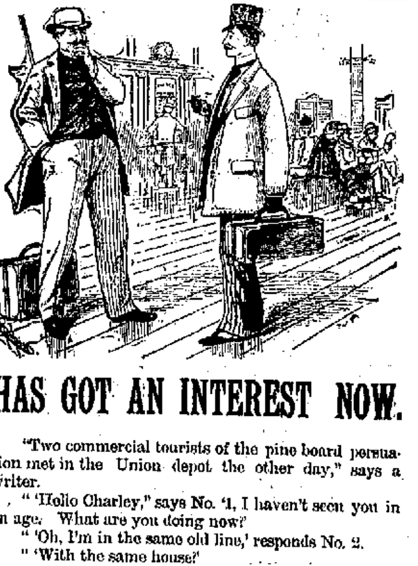
There will be three stages in all. The first will be at a height of 150 feet from the ground, and will contain a concert hall of 20,000 square feet in area, and space for a bazaar of 200 shops; half way to the top the second stage will be reached, while at the very summit there will be an observatory where sun, moon and stars may be studied.

The tower will cost £200,000, and it is believed it will be ready for climbing (by means of elevators) in the course of two years.

FOOTBALL.

The Pennsylvania team began secret practice last Friday, and no one except the coachers will be permitted to witness the play.—Sporting Life.

Stevenson, with the experience of one season, will make a great end rush for Harvard. He is a most promising player for a freshman.



HAS GOT AN INTEREST NOW.

"Two commercial tourists of the pine board persuasion met in the Union depot the other day," says a writer.

"'Hollo Charley,' says No. 1, I haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?'

"'Oh, I'm in the same old line,' responds No. 2.

"'With the same house?'

"'Yes, same old concern; but situated a little differently.'

"'How is that?'

"'Well, I've got an interest now.'

"'Is that so? How long since?'

"'Since the first of the month.'

"'Let me congratulate you.'

"'Yes, the old man told me I'd got to take an interest in the business or quit, so I took the interest.'"

That's What Our Readers Have Done.

They have taken an interest in our proposition to furnish them a magnificent series of photographic views of famous scenes throughout the world, but it was not forced upon them. They have done it as a matter of choice. They realized that "The Sentinel" was offering them a splendid opportunity, and one that in all probability would not pass their way again, and that have not needed coercion as the "pine board tourist" did to stir them to action.

Have You Attended to This Matter Yet?

If not, cut out the coupons regularly as they appear in this paper from day to day and save them. Send any three coupons calling for the same part with TEN CENTS to

COUPON DEPARTMENT,
SENTINEL,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

And in return receive by mail the part called for by your coupons and which will consist of sixteen of the beautiful views comprised in the series of "SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE WORLD."

We will vouch for the statement that among those who avail themselves of our offer there will not be even one disappointed person, but that on the contrary they will be more eager, if possible, than before to get the entire twenty parts, and they will continue from day to day to cut out the coupons as they appear in "The Sentinel."

"A HUNTING SCENE."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on a Seasonable Topic.

The Life of Man a Hunt for Pleasure and Riches which Will Count as Nothing Unless God's Love Is Included in His Spoils.

The following discourse on "A Hunting Scene" was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle, being based on the text:

In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.—Genesis, xlix., 27.

A few nights ago eight hundred men encamped along the Long Island railroad, so as to be ready for the next morning, which was the first "open day" for deer hunting. Between sunrise and two o'clock in the afternoon of that day fifteen deer were shot. On the 20th of October our woods and forests resound with a shock of fire-arms, and are tracked of pointers and setters, because the quail are then a lawful prize for the sportsman. On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun, because grouse hunting has begun; and every man that can afford the time and ammunition and can draw a bead starts for the fields. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east, people, elephant-mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd tumble over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox-chase and at the stag hunt. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore, in all ages of the world, the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive, whether it means a wolf after a fox, or a man after a lion. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder, and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey and then drag it back to the cave or lair, and divide it among the young.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward, by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life they were after the world as intense as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. They wanted the world's plaudits and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything. Some of them started out for the pleasures of this world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee, and conundrum, and burlesque, and madrigal. They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods, or Charles Lambs, or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine, and music, and the spectacular. They were worshipers of the harlequin, and the Merry Andrew, and the buffoon, and the jester. Life was, to them, foam, and bubble, and cachinnation, and roystering, and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth, even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the burial, because there was something so dolorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker. After awhile misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found there was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave way, or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfoliated. They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God there blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and immorality, and here they sit at sixty or seventy years of age, as appreciative of all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are bent on a style of satisfaction which in early life they never hunted; the evening of their days brighter than the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they divided the spoils.

Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how limber the rim of a man's hat is when he bows down before some one sumptuous. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a four-thousand-dollar turnout. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled up in the head-gear of a dashing span. The wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldrick, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be, they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled at midnight by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the government treasury. They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and the setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar, and they cried: "Hark away! a dollar!" And when at last they came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey! But there came a better time to their soul! They found out that an immortal nature can not live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Ralston, living at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a month, leaping from San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthy. They saw some great souls by avarice turned into homunculi, and they said to themselves: "I will seek after higher treasure."

From that time they did not care whether they walked or rode, if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion or in a hut, if they dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty; nor whether they were robed in French broadcloth or in homespun, if they had the robe of the Saviour's righteousness; nor if they were sandaled with morocco or calf skin, if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now you see peace on their countenance. Now that man says: "What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world. Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years of my life while I was gain-getting. I like this evening of my day a great deal better than I did the morning. In the morning I greedily devoured the prey; but now it is evening, and I am gloriously dividing the spoil."

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt. It rekindles the luster of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheumatic limbs the strength to leap like a roe. Christopher North's pet gun, the muckle-mou'd Meg, going off in the summer in the forests, had its echo in the winter time in the eloquence that rang through the university halls of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields; but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwarfing and belaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the gun cap, and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing. When you turn out to hunt the world, the world turns out to hunt you; and as many a hunter aiming his gun at a panther's heart has gone down under the striped claws, so, while you have been attempting to devour this world, the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances struck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life with one stroke. Mary queen of Scots wrote on the window of her castle:

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust.

The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on; but they were poisoned gloves, and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success. "Oh," says some young man in the audience, "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoils of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats, and then I will be good." Young man, did you ever take the census of all of the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two, or none? How many in a vast assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of snow here and there in the fields on a late April day. The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong, that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be forty, before they get to be thirty; and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days devouring the prey, the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ postpones it forever. Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision, or the slip on the ice, or the falling ladder, or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and will never have an opportunity again. They locked the door of Heaven against their souls, and they threw away their keys. They chased the world, and they died in the chase. The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, they leaped the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world, they lost both and got neither.

While this is an encouragement to old people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cautiously. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine, given to different patients, in one case it saves life and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the young. Be cautious in taking it.

Again: my subject is descriptive of those who come to a sudden and a radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night—only seven or eight hours. You know that the day has a very brief life. Its heart beats twenty-four times, and then it is dead. How quick this transition in the character of these Benjamites! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoils." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes, a man may be at seven o'clock in the morning an all-devouring worldling, and at seven o'clock at night he may be a peaceful distributive Christian. Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs zig-zag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the reformation of his character, and have that resolution going on a great while; that does not make him a Christian. But the very instant when he flings his soul on the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant is lustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment devouring the prey; after that moment dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years. My hearers, you know very well that the best things you have done you have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy, or to sell, or to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you had missed that one chance, you would have missed it forever. Now just as precipitate, and quick, and spontaneous will be the ransom of soul. Some morning you were making a calculation. You got on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you were pursuing it. That very morning you were devouring the prey; but that very night you were in a different mood. You found that Heaven was offered you. You wondered how you could get it yourself and your family. You wondered what resources it would give you now and hereafter. You are dividing peace, and comfort, and satisfaction, and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

One Sabbath night at the close of the service I said to some persons: "When did you first become serious about your soul?" And they told me: "To-night." And I said to others: "When did you give your heart to God?" And they said: "To-night." And I said to others: "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" And they said: "To-night." And I saw by the gayety of their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also, in the flood of joyful tears and in the kindling raptures on their brow and in their exhilarant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the spoil. If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your souls might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people supposed. You thought it was decadence; you thought religion was maceration; you thought it was highway robbery; that it struck one down and left him half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it broke the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing with its black talons through the air. No, that is not religion. What is religion? It is dividing the spoils. It is taking a defenseless soul and panoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the King's hand, every medal stamped with a coronation. It is an exhilaration, an expansion. It is imparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth, of death, and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of Heaven, and the glories of realms terrestrial and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoils. What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moments he said: "Christ is all!" Why, he was entering into light; he was rounding the Cape of Good Hope; he was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing, when at eighty years of age, she arose in the meeting and said: "The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are falling off!" She was dividing the spoil.

She longed with wings to fly away,
And mix with that eternal day.

What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer? and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming coursers? and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? and all the other victims of flood, and fire, and wreck, and guillotine—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your golden gates,
And let the victors in.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty-struck soul, there is a business-spoiled soul, there is a sin-struck soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your eyes rain tears of uncontrollable weeping—come and get the spoils. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here, downcast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away saying:

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

Though you came in children of the world, you may go away heirs of Heaven. Though this very autumnal morning you were devouring your prey, now all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

"What Is Truth?"

"What is truth?" This should be the inquiry, and searching the Scripture should be a pleasant and well performed duty. Everything that is valuable and beneficial to man is attained by a hard effort on the part of the receiver. A good education is not attained in a day and without an effort, but requires years of hard labor. In Prov. ii: 3, 4 we are told how to seek for the wisdom that cometh down from God: "Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hidden treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God."—Sabbath Advocate.

Suggestive.

Follow the following Scripture advice and you will grow in grace and be saved from many sins and a world of trouble:

Say nothing you would not like God to hear. Eccles. v., 9.

Do nothing you would not like God to see. Titus ii., 7.

Write nothing you would not like God to read. Heb. iv., 13.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you. Job xxxiv., 21.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say: Show it to me. John v., 39.

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to ask: What art thou doing? I Thess. v., 15.—Sel.

Wasted Strength.

The people of God waste their strength and wealth on unprofitable pleasures, and with hundreds of millions of dollars under their control, permit churches and missions to starve. If Christians spent every cent of wages, salary and income on themselves, and gave to the mission only one cent on a dollar of their real and personal property, their contribution would be eighty-seven million three hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars, instead of five million five hundred thousand dollars. The luxury, extravagance and unfaithfulness of God's people must be removed or our nation is doomed.—Rev. Dr. Barrows.

Room for All.

Blessed be God, on our rock, which is Christ, there is room for us, and room for others, and room for all. The cry rings out: "Yet there is room!" And since we have not one godless acquaintance, or neighbor, or friend, or member of our family but needs to be saved, oh, with what Divine wisdom, and love and patience, should we labor to win them to Christ, and win for ourselves this starry crown! "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—Thomas Guthrie, D. D.

—One of Boston's pleasantest small charities is the furnishing of street-car tickets in summer to poor invalids for rides in the suburbs of that city, but it is now asserted by the conductors that very many of these tickets are misused, being tendered to them by persons who not only are not ill, but are, from their dress and appearance, abundantly able to pay their own fares.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

O God, we thank Thee for the grace,
Thou givest in time of sorest need,
Thy mysteries we may not trace,
But all Thy promises may plead.

The hand we do not clearly see
That lifts and wields the chastening rod
But know that it can only be,
That of the living, loving God.

Though days of doubt and days of fear,
And sorrow, come to pierce the heart,
We know, we feel, if God be near,
He can repel the sharpest dart.

How strangely dull the spirit seems,
When love's best gifts are brought;
We grasp them only as in dreams—
And in our blindness say: "'Tis naught."

But when the scales from off our eyes
Shall fall, e'en though the heart-strings rive,
Our souls in praise to God shall rise,
For His sweetest lessons given.
—C. T. Tracy, in Chicago Advance.

THANKFULNESS.

There Should Be an Outward Expression of Heartfelt Gratitude.

The festival of Thanksgiving is peculiar to our country and government. The people of the United States are the only nation who have a day appointed annually for the expression of grateful thanks to the source of all our blessings. It is most fitting that such a day should be observed; blessing given ought always to have some return. Yet there seem to be many who forget their benefits.

There is much ingratitude in the world. There are those who receive help from friends in unnumbered ways through years, help that brings to them great aid in life—promotion, advancement, improvement in character, tender kindness—who yet seem never to recognize and appreciate the benefit and good they receive. They appear to feel no obligation, no thankfulness. They make no return of love for all of love's ministry.

On the other hand there are many people who are really thankful for the good others do to them, but who do not in any way express their grateful feelings to the persons who have done the favors. They feel kindly enough in their hearts toward their benefactors. Perhaps they speak of it to other friends. They may even put it into their prayers, telling God how they have been helped by others of His children, and asking Him to reward and bless them. Gratitude should find expression; it is not enough that it be cherished in the heart. How does your friend know that you are grateful if you do not tell him that you are?

Verily, this is a sore fault of love, this keeping sealed up in the heart the generous feeling, the tender gratitude, which we ought to speak, and which would give so much comfort if it were spoken in the ear that ought to hear it.

But it is not enough that we be grateful and show our gratitude to the friends from whom we receive favors. It is to God that we owe all. Every good and perfect gift, no matter how it reaches us, through what messengers, in whatever form, it "cometh down from above from the Father of lights."

We owe God thanks, therefore, for all that we receive. When we have shown gratitude to our human benefactors, we still owe thanks to our heavenly Father. We are continually receiving mercies and favors from Him, and yet are there not days and days with most of us in which we lift no heart in thankfulness? Our prayers are largely requests for help and favor; we continue asking and asking; but how many of us remember to give thanks for answered prayers? Yet ought we not to give thanks for all that we receive and for every unanswered request? If we were to do this our hearts would always be lifted up toward God in praise and gratitude, and every day would be a thanksgiving day.

There is a story of a great conductor of a musical festival suddenly throwing up his baton and stopping the performance crying: "Flageolet!" The flageolet was not doing its part and the conductor's trained ear missed its one note in the large orchestra. Does not God miss many voices that are silent, that take no part in the music of earth that rises up to Him?

Shall we not all quickly start our heart song of gratitude, calling upon every power of our being to praise and thank God?—From "Making the Most of Life."

PREVENTING WASTE.

One of the Christian's Greatest Stumbling Blocks in the Way of Wider Usefulness.

Wherever man is, there is waste—at the carpenter's bench, in the machine shop, in morals as in material things. Fret is waste, and worse than waste; yet the world frets on. It is not work that kills, but fret. In talking there is an infinite amount of waste.

God puts in the field the stalks so thickly that the air has scarce space to circulate between, and loads each stalk with a burden of crops.

The trees in the orchards hang low with their weight of fruit; yet while God gives such abundance, there is no waste. The ungathered grain, the fallen fruit, but enrich the soil for succeeding crops.

Our tendency is to run things at an uneven rate; perhaps making a high rate of speed for a week, and going slow for a year to make up for it. The only way to conserve energy is to move steadily, to carry an even pressure of steam every day. Motion helps motion. It is the stopping and starting again that exhausts force.

There is truth in the negro song: "Sometimes I'm up and sometimes I'm down." The reason we don't get ahead faster is because we waste so much energy in the ups and downs. We are now on the mountain top looking over into the rich and beautiful Canaan; now down in the valley trembling with fear of the giants. Sometimes when a man has been on a mountain top and seen a vision, no one can live with him below; he is unhappy because he is not always up, and blames others because they are not.

In a Christian's true work for God there is no waste; the forces he uses are indestructible. There may be waste in his worrying, but not in his work. You and I may not see the results of our work, because of our finite vision; but if, as we walk Heavenward, we scatter our seed, it will grow. Oh, friend, don't get discouraged because you do not see to-morrow the sprouting of the seed you sow to-day. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—From "Echoes from the Pulpit," in Covenant Chronicle.

HOW CHRIST LOOKS AT IT.

The Struggle of This Life Not to Be Compared to the Good to Be Attained.

God's way of looking at things is very different from man's way. To one who sees spiritual things from the inside, the relative magnitudes seem somewhat different from what they do to us. Our Lord says: "Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love." Is that so easy, so trifling a matter, to keep Christ's commandments, as the price of abiding in His love, that He puts it in this calm, almost incidental, way? Is it not a battle with powers and principalities, with the baser self in each of us, with the evil environment of a world hostile to God? Yes, and Christ, who sees all that, and far more clearly than we can, yet speaks of the good to be attained as so great that these toils and conflicts, this lifelong battle, are as nothing in comparison with the good to which they help to bring us. To be admitted into that wonderful communion of love, in which the Father and the Son live the Divine life, is a good so great that all the warfare with our foes within us and without is as the fine dust of the balance in comparison. For the universe is so builded and founded in love, that to attain to it in its essential power is to find how heavily its forces are weighted on behalf of love, and how small is all that lies away from its fellowship.—S. S. Times.

Jesus to Unbelievers.

To the Roman centurion He was the "Son of God."

To despair-crazed Judas He was the "innocent blood."

To the perplexed Pilate He was the man "without fault."

He was the "wise man" of Flavius Josephus.

To Celsus He was the miracle-working "magician."

Porphyry called Him the "pious man."

He was the "healer" of the lame, blind and demoniac of Julian, the Apostate.

To Diderot the history of Jesus was the "unsurpassed story."

To Napoleon He was the emperor of love.

To David Strauss He was the "highest model of religion."—C. W. Barnes, in Social Friend.

Think On These Things.

Paul says, Phil. iv:8: "Think on these things." What things? Truth, honesty, justice and purity, which are the foundations and fibers of right character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To think only of little things makes men little, and many insane. To think deeply on a noble subject is to see its beauty; to see its beauty is to fall in love with it. And as a man seeks the company of the woman he loves, so when he has fallen in love with "these things," he will want to walk with them. To walk with these secures his steps and his destiny. Think on these things.—Ram's Horn.

Virtues for a Christian.

Paul indicates what kind of a life is a fair exhibit of God in us. It ought to be a humble life, a sober, discreet life, a spiritual life. But if spiritual, then it will recognize both the unity and diversity of the Spirit's gifts, unity in diversity. It will be unjealous, appreciative. Observe the many traits intimated here—faithful, cordial, simple, diligent, cheerful, loving, wise, kindly, affectionate, unselfish, zealous, fervent, worshipful, glad, patient, prayerful, charitable, hospitable, meek, merciful. It may take all the church together to give forth these various rays of light, but where such light is shed it is God who is glorified.—Chicago Standard.

The Father's Presence.

A little child, restless and fearful in the night, seeks the assurance that comes from the clasp of the father's hand; and what parent would shake off the little hand and bid it be self-reliant? And will the Father in Heaven deny His child, who seeks the strength that comes from consciousness of the Father's presence, the unspeakable comfort of such assurance? "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: Fear not; I will help thee."—United Presbyterian.

Proving by Experience.

Prove all things. This is apostolic. Personal experience is the greatest proof. Experience lies at the basis of our Christian life. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." "Come and see" are words early in the Gospel narrative. "God is our refuge," sang the psalmist, and most of us do not know God as helper and friend until we are driven to Him by trial and sorrow.—N. Y. Examiner.

WISE SAYINGS.

—The law out of Christ is terrible as a lion; the law in Christ is meek as a lamb.—Bunyan.

—The devil has trouble in introducing himself to people who are busy.

—A good man, in his beautiful life, is the most eloquent of teachers.—Cleveland Leader.

—We set our watches by the sun; let us set our conduct by Jesus Christ.—St. Louis Republic.

—It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—Lord Peterborough.

—"If we would be sure of immortal life we must make the mortal a God-filled life."—Maclaren.

—The grace of liberality is so Divine a gift that we should pray for it with all our hearts.—United Presbyterian.

—Christian penitence is something more than a thought, or an emotion, or a tear; it is an action.—W. Adams.

—Be an epistle of Christ, so clearly written, opened in such large, bold characters, that he who runs may read it.—Ryle.

—"The reverence of a man's self," says Lord Bacon, "is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices."—Chicago Standard.

—To be the child of God is to be the child of Destiny, for God is Destiny—the power that governs the future.

—Eternity only will tell of the many wrecked lives, the lost souls, from lack of moral courage to say no.—Interior.

—We can stand it when our enemies tell lies about us. It hurts us, though, when they get to telling the truth.—Western Plowman.

—Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.—Ruskin.

—He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Have your beliefs and have your doubts. Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Never doubt your beliefs, and never believe your doubts.—Dr. Nehemiah Boynton.

—Weeping we come into the world,
While all around are smiles;
May we so live that all shall weep
When we depart in smiles.

—Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.—Horace Mann.

—A day is indeed an ample space; twelve hours flooded with the light of Heaven are an opportunity as great as anyone need crave at one time. It is as much as Christ had, as much as the best and wisest of the world have ever had, as much as the most diligent among us is able to put to good account.—British Weekly.

—To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly and all lower achievement vain. Those only who make this quest the supreme desire and passion of their lives can ever begin to hope to reach it.—Drummond.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE COUNTRY TERRIBLE.

There's a country that's dark with innumerable shadows,
Which over its valleys hang threat'ning and low;
The verdure is withered and dry in its meadows,
Its hills and its forests are bare unto baldness,
And bitter and black waters flow—
Yet men will go
To this land of woe;
Will seek through years for the gate that leads
To this home of pain—by fearful deeds
Than ever were done by the hands of men,
By treacheries shameful, again and again,
Till they wade knee deep through a flood of tears,
Destroying the virtues that Truth endears,
Aye, crush and trample, and cruelly kill,
And hew their way with a giant's will—
A giant's will and a madman's strength,
Till they come, blood red, to the gates' length,
Which Satan all gleefully backward rolls,
And they enter in
To the hell of sin,
Where want and pestilence, hand in hand,
Go stalking forever—the Drunkard's Land.
—Charles Eugene Banks, in Banner of Gold.

SCIENCE AND ALCOHOLISM.

Physical Ills Arising from Indulgence in Strong Drink.

The name, "alcoholism," is the scientific term of a comparatively new series of phenomena, which is attracting attention from scientific experts and medical specialists every year. The bureau of education has just issued a government publication, entitled "Abnormal Man," written by Dr. Arthur McDonald, a specialist in alcoholism. He gives in this volume his own views, which are conservative, and then adds digests of the published literature of other countries on the same subject. The statements, being the results of official and professional investigation, are of great value to all students of the liquor question.

Dr. McDonald gives great importance to the relation of alcoholism, crime, pauperism and iniquity. He declares that all the varying forms of insanity, from melancholia to imbecility, are found in alcoholism. It produces moral and intellectual weakness and laxity as to honor and decorum. With these general declarations he proceeds to give expert testimony. First is the resume of the views of Dr. Baer, of the imperial board of health, and chief prison physician at Berlin.

Dr. Baer says with the universalizing of the use of whisky alcoholism appeared. Alcoholism is not an inborn, instinctive need, but an acquired one. When taken habitually such liquor injures the whole constitution. Statistics for twenty years in the United Kingdom showed that the mortality was thirty-five per cent. greater among drinkers than among abstainers. He takes European countries and proves that alcoholism was in direct proportion to the cheapness and use of whisky. In Norway and Sweden, as the use of whisky decreased and the consumption of beer increased, there was far less alcoholism. In France drunkenness has increased, because the people drink less wine and more whisky. In both Italy and Austria alcoholism is increasing, and whisky is responsible for it.

Dr. Bunge, of Leipsic, says that alcohol lessens the heat of the body, and it strengthens no one, but simply benumbs the feeling of fatigue. Dr. Sommer says nothing has become so universal as alcohol, and that there can be no doubt that it affects the brain injuriously. Dr. Colajanni, the Italian expert, asserts that "alcoholism as a direct motive of crime is very limited," and he declares that "alcoholic intoxication makes the sentiments of a man neither worse nor better, but it lets them loose; it accents them." Dr. Vetault, of Paris, says the tendency to excess has increased during the past thirty years. He can find no fixed rule to determine the responsibility of alcoholics, but he says the use of alcohol pushes men to suicide, theft, homicide—crimes which increase in direct proportion to the consumption of alcohol.

Dr. Monin says "alcoholism varies inversely as the consumption of wine"—the less wine the more whisky, and consequently the more alcoholism, and the reverse. Dr. Peeters, of Brussels, who investigated the effect of alcoholism for the royal academy of medicine of Belgium, says its influence is like the influence of age. To these more interesting declarations of the distinguished specialists can be added briefly the declarations signed by thirteen professors of the faculties of medicine at Leyden, Amsterdam, Groningen and Utrecht: 1. Even the moderate use of spirituous liquors is injurious; alcohol does not favor digestion. 2. They are not stimulants necessary to cold or heat. 3. In all diseases, those who habitually use liquor offer less chances of resistance. 4. Alcoholic drinks are destructive of the prosperity and the moral and natural development of the masses.

The real foe of temperance reform is the ignorance of the great masses of the people on these subjects. There can be no greater nor better work done for temperance reform than to diffuse an exact knowledge of the progress of scientific investigations into the liquor question throughout the country, especially among the laboring classes, who are the largest users of rum in all its forms. With accurate knowledge, it is hard to believe that any intelligent man will use alcoholic beverages. Thus a public temperance sentiment will be built up, which will add a mighty force to the effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

A BORN DRUNKARD.

The Danger of Soothing Babies with Whisky Drops.

A strange thing happened at a temperance meeting. When the time came to take names to the pledge, a woman came forward bringing in her little boy about two years old.

"I want my Jimmy to sign the pledge," said she.

"Oh, he's too young, Mrs. Lott," said the leader. "You had better wait till he is older."

"No, no, I can't wait a minute, Mr. Lucas; he must take it now. He's a little reformed drunkard, and I shan't be easy in my mind till his name is down."

"A reformed drunkard? Why, what do you mean, my good woman?"

"Why," said his mother, "he's been a whisky-drinker ever since he was born, a regular little toper, and I never knew till I've been coming here what was the matter with him. You see when he was a bit of a baby he cried and cried all the whole time. I thought he had the colic, and nurse told me to give him two or three drops of whisky in some warm water and sugar; and I did, and he went right off to sleep. Mrs. Curran, my neighbor, said he was drunk. 'Drunk? What should make him drunk?' said I, quite angry. Well, when he cried next day I gave him some more drops, and he went to sleep again; drunk again, you see. Every single day about such a time he would cry, and nothing would stop him but the whisky. I thought I had found out a nice way to manage my baby, and I told some of my neighbors about it. One of them said to me one day: 'Did you ever go to Mr. Lucas' temperance meetings up at the hall?' 'No,' says I, 'nor I don't want to; none of your crazy temperance for me.' 'You'd better go,' says she, 'you'll get a new wrinkle up there.' 'I don't want none of your new wrinkles,' says I; 'I've got enough already.'

"But one night I came with her, and I expected she had been telling about me, for that night there was a woman here a-talking to mothers. She told 'em how bad it was for them to be drinking beer on account of their nursin' babies, and then she told some stories about feeding babies with beer and gin and whisky, and how the poison stuff kept their babies drunk day and night. The babies didn't cry, she said, and so the mothers were easy about them, and didn't know the poor little creatures were drunk. Then, I tell you, the new wrinkles came over me. She told how the liquor, even only two or three drops, served their little stomach and brain and heart, and she said ten to one the baby would die before it was a year old. She fairly frightened me, and I declared I'd never give Jimmy another drop, if he cried his eyes out. I went right to work and weaned him from his drops, you'd better believe I did, and now I've brought him here to-night to sign the pledge. He's just two years old come the first day of next month, and he's the littlest reformed drunkard you've ever seen, I bet."

Mr. Lucas smiled at the enthusiastic little woman, and opened the book. "Jimmy's name shall go on," said he. And it went down.

"And now give me a card, please," said the proud mother, "and I'll hold his hand, and we'll see if we can't make him write his name on that too; and from this night he'll be a cold-water boy. I'll nail this card up in my room, and the first thing I shall teach him will be what it's all about."—National Temperance Advocate.

AN ENEMY OF WORKINGMEN.

Drink Is the Deadliest Foe of the Wage Earner.

The injury inflicted on workingmen by cheap labor, trusts and combines etc., falls far short of the injury they inflict on themselves by intemperance. At the mouth of every mine, around every manufactory, at the corners of the streets, wherever toiling humanity spends the weary hours of labor, there is found the omnipresent saloon, the workingman's worst foe. Mr. Arthur, the chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, once said: "You can go into any of these groggeries and see the workingmen sitting around and spending over one half their earnings for strong drink."

"In Chicago," says Sam Small, "I saw a body of workingmen, eighteen thousand strong, carrying a banner inscribed: 'Our Children Cry for Bread.' And they marched straight to a picnic ground and drank fourteen hundred kegs of beer."

It is said that the wage earners of these United States annually pay six hundred million dollars for liquor—a sum so large that if it were saved for a few years and properly invested a fund would be created that under wise management would render destitution among the poor of this country forever impossible. Thrift and drink are incompatible, and without thrift and sobriety the highest wages in the world will bring neither competence nor comfort.

Then, too, the use of intoxicants lessens the skill of the workingman. A large manufacturing firm in Cincinnati recently made the following statement: "A drinking man will turn out from twenty to thirty per cent. less work than a nondrinker, and, in addition, his work is apt to be defective and require overhauling."

It is a fact that a man can not work hard and drink hard at the same time. Strong drink, by impairing the skill and productive power of the worker, lessens the profits of business out of which wages must come. Hence, drinking workmen keep down wages, inasmuch as employers must base the average rate of wages on the amount of work turned out by the least productive of their employees. Strong drink consumes the workman's wages, destroys his skill and degrades him to the level of the brute. Deliberately and truly we write down the saloon to be the wage earner's greatest and worst foe.—Sacred Heart Review.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is said that there are six thousand different kinds of intoxicating liquors.

Poverty and drunkenness act and react on each other; both cause ignorance and disease, parents of all vice and unhappiness.

An illustration of the lengths people will go to satisfy their craving for drink was furnished in New Zealand, where a man tried to trade an admission order to the hospital for liquor.

A person was speaking of the many things alcohol could be used for, and said: "Why, alcohol will clean silver." "Yes," said a gentleman standing by, "nothing is more certain; it will clean it right out of your house and pocket, too."

An English surgeon distinguishes between drunkenness and inebriety in this way: The drunkard is a person who drinks whenever he has an opportunity; the inebriate is a person born with an unsound mind; the one is vicious, the other diseased.

Drunkenness is more frequent in cold than in warm countries, and is more brutal and injurious in its effects as we go north. Yet this is not always true, for, within the last ten years, alcoholism has greatly decreased in Sweden, and increased in southern France and northern Italy. In tropical regions it is at present spreading fast, and with great injury.

While one tells you to put toads, lizards, snakes, etc., in bottles filled with alcohol so as to preserve the flesh from dissolving and keep it fresh for a term of years, another tells you to put alcohol in your stomach where a good meal of fresh meat has gone, for the purpose of dissolving it and "aiding digestion." The man who takes alcohol to help digest his food must first throw off the alcohol before his stomach can commence the operation.

How painfully frequent are the announcements that some bright, strong man has gone down in darkness under the power of strong drink! A sort of slow suicide has been committed. Loving hearts are all broken because there is not one ray of hope. The world has been robbed of a noble and strong character that might else have been an untold blessing. How is it that young men can be so deceived and so engulfed? The experience of others should be a warning. Touch not, taste not, is the only safe course.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

The aptitude of children to imitate their elders has often been illustrated by the anecdote of the boy at the dinner party who said: "I'll take what father takes." But it was never better illustrated than in the following incident. A gentleman had occasion to take a walk early one morning after a night full of snow. He met a young man who was the father of a bright eight-year-old boy. Farther along he saw the boy coming, looking intently on the ground and acting rather strangely. Upon approaching him, the boy looked up beamingly and pointing to the ground said: "There's my father's tracks," and continued on with long strides following in his father's footsteps.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

Mr. McSwat Makes an Invasion Into the Lower Regions.

"Hark! What's that?"

Mrs. McSwat sat bolt upright in bed and listened.

"Billiger!" she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, shaking her snoring husband, "I hear a noise!"

"Wh-wh-what? Where?" said Mr. McSwat, waking with a jerk. "What's the matter, Lobelia?"

"Sh! Listen! There it is again! It's down stairs. Billiger, there's somebody in the house!"

Billiger listened a moment.

She was right.

There was a noise down stairs—a shuffling, stealthy kind of noise, as if made by somebody who was unacquainted with the premises and had no business there.

He rose and dressed himself by thrusting his feet in a pair of slippers and pulling on a dressing gown. Then he lighted a dark lantern he had purchased for emergencies of this kind, armed himself with a patent carpet stretcher—one of the deadliest weapons known to science—and turned to his wife.

"Lobelia," he whispered huskily, "remain here. You can do no good. I will meet this invader alone. But stay! If there should be more than one," he continued, grinding his teeth, "and you hear me call out, you may come to the top of the stairs and yell. Make all the noise you can. It will convey the impression that we are expecting them and are prepared."

With his dark lantern in one hand and the deadly carpet stretcher in the other he started slowly down the stairway, coughing loudly as he went.

Mrs. McSwat listened with painful eagerness. She could hear Billiger rasping his terrible weapon against the balustrade and coughing with a violence that increased every moment.

Presently the noises ceased. It was evident that Billiger was searching the house with a view to slipping upon the marauders unawares.

Then there came a wild yell.

Without waiting to assure herself whether it came from Billiger or the burglars Mrs. McSwat seized a chair, ran to the head of the stairs, screamed with all her might, tumbled the chair down to the floor below, rushed back for the washbowl and pitcher, sent them flying after the chair and hurled down a broom, another chair, a small trunk, a bootjack and several other articles of a portable nature that stood or lay within reach, her voice ringing out all the time in a series of wild, blood curdling shrieks.

While the din was at its height Mr. Billiger McSwat appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Lobelia!" he shouted, dodging nimbly as a towel rack flew past his head, "what on earth do you mean by this infernal racket? You've broken $100 worth of furniture and roused the neighborhood! The police and the fire department will be here if you don't stop!"

"Wasn't there any burglar, Billiger?" asked Mrs. McSwat.

"Burglar!" snorted Billiger, climbing over the ruins in the hallway and bounding up the stairs three steps at a time. "Burglar! No! It was only the cat. Didn't you hear it screech when I kicked it out of the parlor? Burglar!" he exclaimed contemptuously, throwing the patent carpet stretcher under the bureau, extinguishing the dark lantern and crawling between the sheets again. "Lobelia, if you hear any more burglars or thieves or robbers in this house to-night and wake me up again there's going to be trouble, madam. Go to bed!"

And all the rest of the long, weary night Lobelia lay silent, wide awake, and listened to the deep, regular, ceaseless snoring of Mr. Billiger McSwat.—Chicago Tribune.

Humiliating.

The duchess stamped her foot.

"My lord," she cried, dashing the hot, blinding tears from her eyes, "I must insist that you make no further reference to my father's avocation."

"Darling"—gasped his grace in bewilderment.

An impatient gesture waved him to silence.

"After all I have said about"—

Her ladyship's voice trembled.

—"I think it is positively cruel for you to mention your armorial crest and almost in the same breath to speak of the quarterings of our family as if"—

She bit her lip fiercely.

—"you wanted all the world to know I am a butcher's daughter."—Detroit Tribune.

A Sensitive Plant.

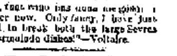
The company are seated at the dinner table. Enter Baptiste (a servant), haggard, excited and exclaiming:

"Quick, quick—a glass of wine!"

People stare at each other, and at last the wish is complied with. Baptiste drinks off a glass of wine which has been poured out by the mistress of the house, who inquires what has happened.

"Oh, madame, I've been dreadfully upset. Ah, that wine has done me good! I feel better now. Only fancy, I have just managed to break both the large Sevres china marmalade dishes!"—Voltaire.

"Room For One More."



—Brooklyn Life.

One on Baby.

Mr. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.

Mr. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Truth.

A Limit.

Charley Hardup—What will you have first?

Ada—Oh, please order for me. I eat everything.

Charley Hardup—Not when you're out with me, my dear!—Puck.

Evidence.

"Your husband is so magnetic a man!" said the visitor.

"I know it," responded the wife. "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat collar the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Good Reason.

"So Brown married the pretty little girl he was so in love with?"

"Yes, but there are often days that he doesn't speak a word to her."

"It is jealousy, I suppose he"—

"No. She does all the talking."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Opinion.

"Samu'l, what am yo' opinion ob de reflexive merits ob mod'rate temp'rance an' right down teetotalance?" inquired Mr. Augustus Jupiter Johnson of his brother.

"'Gustus," replied Samuel shrewdly, "yo' question 'minds me ob w'at a man dat kep' a 'sylum for de insane folks once tol' me. He say dat, when dey want to know if de poor critters done git cure, dey show 'em a trough wid de water pourin' into it from de tap in a big barr'l, an' dey say, 'Yo' try empty dat trough now.'

"An he say dat de folks w'at am still crazy or plumb idjits dey keep a-ladlin an a-ladlin' and don' make no headway 'cause ob de water dat runs in faster dan dey can ball it out.

"But do folks w'at done get cure dey up an' stops de tap ob dat bar'l fust off, an den dey goes at de ladlin, an' it don' take 'em but mighty short time 'fore dey empties that trough complete.

"Dat, 'Gustus," said Samuel impressively, "am a allegory, an yo' can jes' study over it, an if yo' wants to jine de mod'rate temp'rance folks all yo' got to do am to turn yo' back to de barr'l an' see how much good yo' ladling will accomplish!"—Youth's Companion.

A Wild Shooter.

"Not long ago," said the drummer, lazily lounging around the hotel stove, "I was down in one of those West Virginia mountain towns, where to shoot is human; to hit, divine, and a scrap arose in front of the courthouse between a couple of mountaineers, one of whom had left his gun at the tavern. The other fellow pulled a revolver and began to shoot, and the crowd stood aside, while a couple of friends tried to get the unarmed man out of the way.

"'What in thunder air you doin?' he exclaimed, breaking loose.

"'Why, Jim is shootin, and ye'll be killed,' they explained hurriedly.

"'Who's he shootin at?'

"'Shootin at you, in course.'

"'Shore?'

"'In course we air.'

"'Well, the crowd had better scatter an let him keep on shootin at me. I'm safe. That feller never hit nothin he shot at in his life, and I'm telling you you'd better git out of the way,' and that very moment a bullet struck one of the friends in the arm, and they let go in a hurry and got around the corner."—Detroit Free Press.

HOLIDAY GOODS
FOR
Christmas and New Year.

Sugar Reduced 1-2c Per Pound.

Christmas will soon be upon us and the usual Christmas Gifts and Presents will take place, dull times or good times. As in former seasons, we have laid in a large stock of Fancy Goods suitable for presents for old and young, so that Santa Claus in all his glory will be on hand to supply the children.

We have dolls of every variety. Wax Dolls, China and Bisque Dolls, painted Iron Toys, Firemen, Horses, Hose Carts and Driving Teams, Tin Toys in endless variety, Fox Horns, Whistles, Trumpets, Kitchen Dishes, Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Castors, Swords and Toy Sets. A large assortment of Vases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Glove Boxes, and for the children, Dogs, Cats, Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Horses, Tool Boxes, Play Sets, Toy Guns, China Sets, etc., etc.

Christmas Tree Candles and Christmas Tree Ornaments.
The Candles we sell at 15c per box; the Ornaments from 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c to 10c.

SUGARS—Down 1-2c Per Pound All Round.
The market has held steady the last three months and little change took place. It is now 1/2c lower and may drop another 1/2c before New Years.
Cut Loaf and Crushed, 8c.
Best Quality Granulated, 8c.
Standard Coffee, 6c.
New Orleans White, 4 1/2c.
New Orleans Yellow, 4c.

Coffee Has Kept Very High.
This is owing partly to the revolution in Brazil, but more to the combine that controls the market. There is 2c advance from our last report.
The best Rio Coffee, green, 25c.
All package coffee, 25c.
Java, roasted, 35c.
The best roasted Rio, 25c.
Java, green, 27c.
Mocha, green, 30c.
Mocha, roasted, 35c.

The Tea Market.
No change from last report except best goods have advanced 3c. We have a large supply and will not make any change, but continue to sell at old prices.
Young Hyson, best 50c, good 40c, fair 30c; Japan, uncolored, best 50c, fair to good, 30c and 40c; Imperial Tea, best in market 60c, good 50c; English Breakfast, 50c, best quality 60c; Oolong, good 30c, fair 35c, best quality 50c; Gunpowder Tea, good 50c, best 60c.

CANDIES—For Christmas and New Year.
Also Nuts of different kinds—Pure Toy Candies, 25c lb; best French Creams, 15c; good mixed Home Made, 9c; pure Stick Candy, 8c lb; Hearts, Animals, Birds and Angels, 2c, 5c and 10c each. Brazil Nuts, Walnuts, Almonds and Filberts, 12 and 15c per lb.

For Christmas Cakes—CURRANTS.
Never in the history of the trade have currants been so low. Choice Zante Currants only 4c lb. Leghorn Citron, 15c lb. Raisins, layers, 10c lb; loose Muscatels, 8c; seedless, 12 1/2c. Shelled Almonds, 30c lb. Orange and Lemon Peel, 15c lb.

CANNED GOODS—Are Lower Than Last Year.
Standard 3 lb Tomatoes, 10c can.
3 lb can Baltimore Peaches, 15c can.
California Green Gages, 16c can.
California Peaches, 20c can.
3 lb Baltimore Pie Peaches, 9c can.
California Apricots, 20c can.

OILS.
The prices remain as in last report.
Castor Oil, $1.20 gal.
Neatsfoot Oil, 75c gal.
Good Machine Oil, 20c gal.
Linseed Oil, 65c gal.
Fish Oil, 35c gal.
Coal Oil, 10c.

New Orleans Molasses and Maple Syrup.
New Orleans, good article, 30c gal.
Vermont Maple Syrup, 90c gal.
New Orleans, best quality, 40c gal.
Sorghum from Tennessee, nice, 40c gal.
Extra Golden Drips, 40c gal.

Tobacco and Cigars.
Horse Shoe Plug, 45c lb.
Tien Plug, 25 lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 35c lb.
Cigars from 40c to $1.05 box.
C.D., $1.25 box.
J. T. Plug, 35c lb.
Durham Smoking, 45c lb.
Sweet Conqueror Smoking, 15c lb.
Harvest Gems, 40c box.
Royal Seal, 65c box.
All good smokers.
A B C Plug, 15c plug.
Briar Smoking, 30c lb.
Athletic, 40c box.
Sport, 60c box.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.
We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines—no Foreign goods.
Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 80c gal.
California Angelica, very fine, $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.25 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.40 and $1.75.
Gin and Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal.
Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c bottle.
Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California, Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.50 gal.
Old 75, $2.50 gal.
Wine in Bottles, 30 and 40c bottle.
One-Year-Old Rye, $1.00 gal.

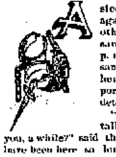
You Will Save 20c on the Dollar by Trading at
FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

MEN WHO "SHADOW"

THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE A NECESSARY EVIL.

The Work of Shadowing Is Very Tedious, but It Often Leads to Good Results—A Real Private Detective Unlike the Hero of Story.

[New York Correspondence.]



A DETECTIVE stood leaning against a tree the other afternoon. I saw him there at 2 p. m. Passing the same place three hours later the reporter found the detective still there.

"Stand here and talk to me, will you, a while?" said the detective. "I have been here so long it is getting deuced monotonous. Stand over on this side of the tree. There, that's right. I've got to have my eye on that window with the curtain up. Been watching that spot since 10 this morning. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink for seven hours; couldn't budge, of course. Expect a three weeks' shadowing to climax in that house to-day. If I miss, I'll get laid off."

"Isn't much romance in to-day's work, then, is there?" asked the reporter.

"There never is," he said, bitterly. "I was attracted by the alleged romance of it, and went into it. I didn't find out my mistake until I had got so far into it that I had a new profession learned.

"The first work the novice is put at," said the detective, "fills him with a false idea of his own importance. He is set to shadowing a man with a complicated route. The novice thinks he is on a big case, whereas in reality he is probably shadowing only an office detective whose route was made out beforehand to try him. The dishonest, trick man will fake up a report, not knowing that he himself has been shadowed. If his report is not absolutely genuine he is never heard of again as a detective. In no other business is greater honesty exacted than in detective work. All the chief wants is an intelligent report. No matter if you fail, so long as he can rely on your report, it is all right. Detective work has been reduced to such a system these days that the old maxim, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief,' has no place in our category of abilities. The chief requisite is honesty.

"The novice is not sent out to learn by himself the art of shadowing. He receives from the first assistant to the chief some general instructions. These generally surprise the beginner, being contrary to what he thought he would have to do. For instance, he is told that the first rule in shadowing is, do not use disguises. When a disguise is necessary, it is time to call in an assistant.

"Then comes another rule which he does not know is, perhaps, the hardest of them all to follow, until he gets at actual work. This rule is, never let the shadowed see your face the second time.

"These two are the fundamental general laws of the profession. The specific rules are many, such as, never dodge behind trees, poles or corners. Always appear unconcerned. If shadowed stops, go on like an ordinary person. When shadowed gets on a car do not race after the car; call the first cab or order a carriage at the first livery stable you pass.

"Let me illustrate the last by an experience of mine. Two years ago, I was told by the chief that two Spaniards, clever thieves, were to arrive by steamer. I laid the wire. If thieves they probably lived high, and, being foreigners, they would take a carriage, the best they could secure. So I got a hack, assuring myself that the horses were fast. The Spaniards waited nervously about the pier. Finally they approached my driver and tried to engage him, saying in an easy way that their own carriage had not come. They were about to step into the next hack, when their own rig appeared. It was a magnificent turnout, with high-stepping horses, ordered by telegraph from Queenstown. I found my team was not in it with the thoroughbreds. Passing under the elevated I saw a train coming up. I figured out I could catch it, so tossing the driver $2, I flew up the stairs. I had heard them say that they were going to the Grand Central depot. I got there just as they were entering. They were going to Boston. I took the same train. Had I depended on my horses I would have missed them. At Boston I got the necessary information, and ten days later had them behind the bars. That was a case involving over $15,000.

"STAND HERE WITH ME."

"The danger involved in a case never worries a good detective. He isn't a detective if there isn't any danger. His art will make his task dangerless. It isn't the 'dangerous' cases we hate most. It is a Bowery job, one requiring you to drink cheap whisky, to sleep in cheap lodging houses and to eat bad food.

"Once in a long, long while you get what is called a 'good time.' This is when you are to find out if a certain rich man is going to sell some of his stock. It means for the detective a dress suit, box at the opera and billiards, in the course of which you must make the old gentleman's acquaintance. Once get him to think you are a fine fellow, it is easy to lead up to the main question.

"It was only a few weeks ago that I had one of these good times. My duty was to go into the country, live like a swell, bet on the races, pocket gains and charge the losses.

"I was sailing across Long Island Sound with the party I was shadowing. Once I caught him looking hard at me. We were alone. He was a member of several athletic clubs and could handle me as if I were a boy. I thought as his eyes were fixed on me: 'What a fine place to drop me if he only knew!'

"Tucked away under my yachting suit was a revolver, for we always go armed. I never yet had to shoot, although often threatened. It isn't pleasant though, always carrying a deadly weapon. One day the chief said: 'Shadow So and So; dangerous man; will do bodily harm.' Singularly enough he went to Sing Sing by the country road. My presence was enough to excite suspicion. He came out of a road house and said to me: 'Look here. If I see your face again, there'll be a wake at your house. You'll be there, but you won't know it.'

"THANK GOD!"

"I tried to bluff him off, but he wouldn't have it. So I dropped him and a new man was put on. In a few weeks we had him. You understand I was not afraid to go on with the case; it was simply that he would have known me too well.

"Another time I was walking with a notorious crook. We had become pretty good friends. After he had given everything away he became suspicious and stopped, saying, while a wild look came into his eyes:

"'You may be a detective. If I knew that I'd cut your throat right here.'

"He would, too, for he was a desperate character. I only laughed and said: 'I guess that the last glass of beer went to your head. If you're going to talk like that I'll let you walk alone.'

"He was thrown off his guard and we finished our walk together. In six hours he was in prison.

"Another rule is, Do not steal with a thief even if you can catch him thereby. Recently I was tempted to break it. A sneak thief had been plundering a hotel. I took a place as bellboy, only the proprietor knowing my identity. I suspected one fellow. The plundering occurred in the part of the house where he had been. Apparently he used to talk with the girls to get the location of the guests' belongings. So I got into his good graces and finally asked him why he wasted his time as bellboy when he could make a stake off a rich guest. He then confided to me and we put up a scheme to rob a room the following night. But that night I had a very lame back. He did the job alone and got a watch and $60. Two days later he 'touched' a room for $14 and gave me $2. By this time the proprietor was frantic. He had never seen me chummy with any of the bellboys, and he thought I was doing nothing. The next day I had the manager telephone for a detective and arrest the bellboy. All the property was recovered and he got five years. Three days later I had a row, apparently with the manager, and left. The row was to conceal my identity from the other bellboys.

"Many times you read of a crook being arrested by this or that police officer. He made the arrest, probably on a sign from a quiet-looking man, half way down the block. If the detective made the arrest, he would have to appear in court.

"A detective is always on duty. Here's an instance. I was sent to shadow a confidential clerk because his employer learned that he bet occasionally. The report would read like this: 'He left house at 7:30; took such and such a car; bought a paper; stopped at Thirteenth street and took cocktail in Blank's,' etc.

"His clerk proved to be all right, and when the employer got my report his head fell into his hands and he said, 'Thank God!' He offered me money, but of course, I had to refuse. When out of cash for expenses, we can draw on the main or branch offices. Once I was nearing Chicago. I would arrive in the city with only 4 cents and a man to be followed one hundred miles further. So I wired ahead: 'Have man meet me at depot with $100. Will have sealskin hose and handkerchief wrapped about left hand. Mention my name.' At the depot a man steps up and asks, 'Are you Smith?'

"'Yes.'

"He slips money into my hand, still walking, and disappears, my eyes all the time having been on the shadowed.

"If you are a good man the main office never objects to time or expenses."

A Stormy Winter Prediction.

A long and stormy winter is predicted by the Klamath Indians of Oregon. They base their prophecy on the movements of the wild fowl and on other like phenomena. People in that region think they may be right, too, for already the miners who are coming down from their mountain claims report that they have to wade through two and a half feet of snow. Three men who started from mines in the Blue mountains for Albany, Oregon, have been missing for some time, and it is thought they perished in a big snowstorm which swept the mountains a week or so since. And yet, such is the infinite variety of the northwest's climate possibilities, a week ago vines loaded with ripe red raspberries, perfectly developed, were to be seen in a common garden patch at Fremont, Wash., many miles north of the snowbound district.

Hypnotic Trances.

The following are the approved instructions for bringing on hypnotic trances: Take any bright object and hold it between the fingers of the left hand, about a foot from the eyes of the person upon whom the experiment is being tried, in such a position above the forehead as to produce the greatest strain compatible with a steady, fixed gaze at the object. The person must then be directed to fix the mind on the object he is gazing at. His pupils will first contract and then dilate considerably, and after they are well dilated the first and second finger of the operator's right hand (extended and a little separated) should be carried from the object toward the patient's eye. When this is done the eyelids will most probably close. Carry out these directions and in a few seconds the person will be thoroughly hypnotized.

Coffee.

It is estimated that the total production of coffee in the world is about 600,000 to 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces between 340,000 and 360,000 tons and Java 60,000 to 90,000.

Bengal Lunatics.

Fifty-three per cent of the lunatics in the asylums of Bengal are there entirely as the result of using "hashish," a poisonous drug. In Egypt, Greece and Turkey the use of the drug is forbidden by a stringent law.

Special Excursion

Via the Nickel Plate road for Christmas. 8 9 15 16 22 23 29 30w3t

PHYSIQUE PERFECTO.

THE PROPORTIONS REQUISITE FOR AN APOLLO.

An Interesting Chapter in Physique Training by Prof. John M. Laflin, the Most Perfectly Formed Man in the World.

THE PERFECTLY shaped man! Is he to be found? So much has been written about the perfectly shaped woman that naturally the question is asked: Have we any men, perfectly proportioned, as regards weight, height, and the several measurements of the body? There may be many men who carry out the ideal up to a certain point, but who are found lacking in one or more measurements.

The three cuts accompanying this article show the figure of Prof. John M. Laflin in different positions. That with the back turned is the best. One of the others, the one showing Prof. Laflin in a kneeling posture, seems to best exhibit the muscles of the legs.

Prof. Laflin was at the time these photographs were taken an acknowledged perfectly formed man, built on athletic lines. The photographs were taken from original drawings made by students in Vienna a few years ago. The professor at that time took the first prize, a handsome gold medal, for being the most perfectly formed man in the world.

The competition was held in Vienna, and representatives of other nations engaged. In addition to Laflin there were other Americans, but none of these took a prize.

A number of English athletes gave Laflin a hard contest for the first place, but from representatives of other nations he had nothing to fear, he says.

Here are Prof. Laflin's proportions at the time the photographs were made: Height, 6 feet 2½ inches; around the chest, 40 inches; around the waist, 38 inches; length of upper leg, 17½ inches; length of lower leg, 14½ inches; biggest part of leg, 33½ inches; around calf, 16 inches; length of arm, 20 inches.

These measurements will be explained when it is said that Prof. Laflin weighed at that time 190 pounds. He now weighs, stripped, 225 pounds.

Other medals were given at the Vienna competition. One was for the most Apollo-like form, aside from any muscular development. Others were for the different parts of the anatomy, as, for instance, a perfect head, arm or leg.

But in Prof. Laflin the judges found the perfect athlete. His head, for instance, was measured and carefully compared with the heads of modern and ancient athletes. The same method was pursued with other parts of the body.

"I was under examination for a good part of two days," said the professor to the writer recently. "The Vienna art masters are very thorough at all times, but in this competition they took particular pains because of the great number of entries and the keen rivalry of the contestants."

Prof. Laflin was surprised, he said, that a better showing was not made by Italy's representatives to the "Congress Looking to the Discovery of a Perfect Man."

In a majority of cases the Italians, while strong and symmetrical, lacked in height and a proper proportion of the lower limbs.

"We would naturally expect that Italy would produce men of magnificent athletic build," continued the professor, "especially when one reads of the Roman wrestlers and all-round athletes of ancient times. History tells us, though, that the Roman gladiators were abnormally developed in those muscles which permitted them to be proficient in the rough sports in which they engaged.

"Take the old-time cuts of Hercules, for instance, and compare his figure with those of modern athletes. Note the great difference in the size of the chest. If an athlete of to-day should have such a chest he would be looked on as a freak of nature."

"What about Sandow?"

"Sandow is a long way from being a perfect man. He is too short, and some muscles are developed at the expense of others. His chief development is seen in those muscles which permit him to lift huge weights. His limbs, though big and muscular, are not shapely, and if he were a woman he would, with his figure, be called squatty."

SHOWING CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

Prof. Laflin thinks Prof. William Miller, the wrestler, approaches, when in condition, nearer the idea of the perfect man. Miller is fairly tall, and his limbs are lithe and finely formed, except where they are disfigured by the huge bunches of muscle necessary to the wrestler.

"Take John L. Sullivan for example. Sullivan is a very badly proportioned man. He is tall and very strong, but look at his legs. At first sight it is difficult on looking at the ex-champion in ring costume to imagine how he gets about. Compared with the upper part of his body, his legs are ridiculously small.

"Corbett is a trifle better off in legs, yet he does not come anywhere near the standard measurement. His body is better than Sullivan's. Charley Mitchell's figure is so far out of proportion as to make him entirely out of the question, as considering the measurements necessary to a perfect male figure. Jim Hall's figure is better than Corbett's although his legs are nothing to brag of."

The athlete continued by saying that many of the smaller men in pugilism came nearer being perfectly formed men than the bigger ones. Billy Plimmer was almost perfectly proportioned for his weight and height. A little gentleman named Brooks, not an athlete, however, but much smaller and lighter than Plimmer, has the honor of being the most perfectly formed small man in New York.

It is characteristic of pugilists that they are usually weak below the waist.

SHOWING SHOULDER DEVELOPMENT.

John C. Heenan had comparatively useless legs, and was weakest about the loins. In wrestlers the opposite is the case.

Because of the use put to their legs the latter are well developed. William Muldoon, the retired champion, is an illustration of the extent it is possible for an athlete to develop certain parts of his body.

To illustrate the benefit of certain kinds of exercise in developing the whole body equally, Prof. Laflin called attention to the blacksmith, whose right arm is enormously developed, at the expense of the left. The professor does not believe in bicycling, or even in running, that is if the athlete looks for a proportionate development of his whole body.

"It has been demonstrated many times that letter-carriers suffer from indigestion," Laflin continued. "In the immense amount of walking they do they develop their legs, while the other parts of the body are neglected. The same can be said of men in similar occupations, where only a few of the many muscles are employed."

As a companion to the size and weight of Professor Laflin when in condition, here are the figures of Prof. Huxley's perfect man: Weight, 154 pounds, made up as follows: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from the body, 7 pounds.

The heart of such a man should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breath 15 times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned should have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during that period would be 6 pounds of water and a little more than 2 pounds of other matter.

The above is interesting, as showing what a healthy man weighing 154 pounds will accumulate and throw off. It is a pity that Prof. Huxley did not make the same diagnosis of a man of Prof. Laflin's weight and proportions.

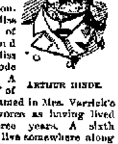
IT IS NOT AN EASY TASK.

Handicapping Is a Complex Science In Which Few Succeed.

Handicapping is something more than an art and less than a science. It is more than an art because it deals with mathematical facts, and it is less than a science because the facts cannot be demonstrated until after the handicapper has done his work. The mathematical facts with which it deals are: First, the rider's propelling power (speed); second, his power of endurance at greatest speed; third, the ratio between his speed and endurance. When the mechanical engineer is to construct a bridge which shall support a given weight, or if an engine be required which shall accomplish predetermined results there is nothing of uncertainty in the calculations under which the bridge or engine may be carried to completion. The handicapper is himself handicapped at the outset. He can not know how near to or how far from his best physical condition the racer will be when he runs under the distance allotted to him, but must base his decision upon the rider's past or present form, or possibly both. But the handicapper's ignorance of the facts in respect to the racer does not affect them. Thus, the speed of every man under the most favorable conditions is positive, and nothing can increase the maximum.

A Muchly-Married Man.

Arthur Hinde, a Newark (N. J.) real estate agent, says he will marry again at an early day. Four women to whom he has been married are living. The first declares she is still Hinde's lawful wife. She lives in Manchester, England. The second, Mrs. Esther Verrick, is now living in Paterson. The third is Miss Mary Martin of Morristown, and the fourth is Miss Miranda C. Brode of Newark. A "Lizzie Trippe," of Connecticut is named in Mrs. Verrick's petition for divorce as having lived with Hinde three years. A sixth spouse is said to live somewhere along the Morris and Essex railroad, but she has not been located, and Hinde denies her existence.



ARTHUR HINDE.

Miss Martin secured a divorce from Hinde last Thursday. Mrs. Verrick was granted a divorce some time before. Hinde now lives with Miss Brode and says they are going to be remarried to avoid legal complications. Although he talks freely of his wife in England, he has no fear of criminal prosecution, because of New Jersey's statute of limitation.

Died in an Opium Joint.

At Denver the other morning the morgue had an additional dead and the city hospital two dying, the result of suicidal mania. At 5 o'clock Mrs. Hallie Caldwell, aged 20, and Annie Jones, aged 18, with a party of male companions, visited an opium den on Wazee street and indulged in many pipes of "hop." Mrs. Caldwell became unconscious from the effects of the drug at 7 o'clock and died an hour later. Miss Jones was found unconscious also and cannot live. The Chinaman who kept the den disappeared through a trap door into a subcellar when the police raided the den and escaped.

According to the English players, football referees over there are having as hard a time as baseball umpires experience over here.

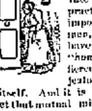
Yale is willing to ignore the undergraduate rule with Harvard. Why not with Princeton and University of Pennsylvania? Is it a matter of money?

THE PARIS LETTER.

THE FRENCH BOARDING HOUSE A MARVEL.

Boarding In Private Families Unknown In the Gay French Capital—Happy Girls and Experienced Old Maids.

Paris Correspondence.



FOR FOREIGNERS to find board in desirable French private families is practically next to impossible. Frenchmen, who actually have no word for "home," have the fiercest kind of jealousy for the thing itself. And it is by reason of this fact that mutual mistakes are so often made by English-speaking people and Frenchmen when they sit in judgment on each other.

The American or Englishman in Paris, stunned at first by the beer-garden-like life of the streets and parks of the public resorts, thinks: "Really, these people have no homes!" Then he remembers the old saying that the French language has no word for "home." Poor Frenchmen! He does not reflect that it is partly because French home life is so hedged about that the people are driven to this greater social mingling, whose very publicity interposes a bar to familiarity.

The French journalist at the Chicago Fair exclaims: "What a sad people these Americans are! They do not know how to amuse themselves in public!" He can not see that it is because American home life is so satisfying that our people have neither the need nor the habit of the cafe, flaneur, nor his nation's way of jollifying in great herds.

For a French family, especially with children, to admit strangers, French or foreigners, to their little circle is a mark either of desperate poverty or, you might almost say, of a certain shadiness. At least it is a sign of neglect, of loosening up of prejudices, not well viewed by the neighbors.

Thus boarding houses of Paris become professedly money-making establishments, run on the principles of any other business. What the private family can not well do as a private family it can easily go into as a downright business speculation. The home life is put aside; children, if they exist, are packed off to boarding schools; the husband gives up his clerkship and devotes himself to supervising the new venture, several floors of a large apartment house are taken, they advertise constantly, and their establishment becomes a well-recognized and honorable business enterprise, like any other.

These boarding houses are very much given over to tourists and other foreigners. In the mind of the present writer, they divide themselves roughly into six species. There are the high-class establishments, so high as to be slightly tainted with affectation. They very often go under the title of hotel, and are affected mainly by English and Americans. You can live in one of them for anything you please above $2.50 a day. The Grand hotel, a real hotel, and one of the greatest in Paris, has a complete pension for $4 a day. Then there are professedly "family" boarding houses on a large scale, less formal and slightly less expensive. They are also mainly supported by English and Americans, according to their name of "family" boarding house. A separate table for exclusively French conversation is their mark. Thirdly, there is the ordinary high-class cosmopolitan boarding house, with a few English-speaking people and many Spaniards, Hungarians, Chinese, Turks and Austrians and all the rest, whose atmosphere is a trifle Bohemian. An American negro, should he have money and good manners, would be treated in such a company as well as anybody else. Fourthly, there are the small boarding hotels, all dirty, with a great deal to eat and of very ordinary quality. Then there is boarding in a struggling family in the suburbs or the Latin quarter (husband and wife only), and, last, the boarding house run by Americans in Paris.

Among these varying establishments the heart of the American abroad will most naturally turn to the one of the French conversation table. There is something charming in its use of Baedekers and illustrated handbooks of French history, and in the ice-cream-soda flavor of its salon. On the day of an American mail the house is all agog. There is never a morning you can not join a party on its first trip to the Louvre.

GLAD TO TAKE A WALK.

"Is it Gothic or Renaissance?"

"Louis XIV. and Colbert."

"Where is the window from which Charles IX. shot down his subjects?"

They prefer the modern paintings in the Luxembourg to Ribera's ancient waxy saints and Rubens' beefy damsels; and their joy is unconfined when some grave person assures them they do well. And in the Egyptian room of the Louvre, before the big stone feet of the colossus of Amenophis III., one of the pilgrims will always be able to quote:

> I met a traveller from an antique land
> Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone," * * *

where his memory will regularly fail him so that he cannot add

> Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
> Half sunk, a shattered visage lies. * * *

It is a pleasure to show them the way to George Washington's church—Protestant Episcopalian, as Americans are wont to call it, Church of England Mission, as it actually is, or "English Catholic," according to the more ritualistic on both sides of the water. The Rev. George Washington is of the English Washington family, and so gains a species of collateral reverence from all Americans. And when Sunday comes to pay a visit to the fountains at Versailles, this boarding house's population simply shoves the dinner back two hours.

"You have had a long promenade!" cries madame, as they come trooping in, blinking and yawning at half past 8 o'clock at night. "Have you had a beautiful promenade?"

That night they eat boiled beef (sauce piquante) as if it were tenderloin steak, and when the chicken legs and wings come on it is music to hear the ladies sigh with pleasure.

The life in such a pension has neither beginning, end, nor middle. The most diverse Americans find it easy to tolerate each other, for one is here to-day and gone to-morrow. Pretentious people, who would like to crush enthusiasm and innocence, find no leverage on which to use their strength.

IN THE LOUVRE.

Madame, the wife of the proprietor, is a woman of fine presence, with an air of dignity tempered with good will. When some experienced old maid, the scourge of European pensions for twenty years, begins her harangue against the breezy ways of some of these American girls in their first days of Continental living, madame has her answer ready: "I find the young girls charming. They are unaffected and think no evil. I prefer them to difficult women."

In this pension there is one fine big blonde from out some western capital. Each night in the blue-gray Paris autumn gloaming she celebrates her triumphs of the day, whether they be of the Louvre, of the Sainte-Chapelle, the Bon Marche or Sevres or Pere-Lachaise, by singing "After the Ball" to her own accompaniment at the piano in a rich contralto voice. The salon rings with song. Our old maid sniffs and walks away, and then the blonde sits placidly beside a rickety but highly ornamental brazen lamp stand and begins to read her Baedeker. "I only sing to drive that dear old creature out," she says. "She was just about to begin her lecture on the art treasures of Paris and how we should strive to utilize our time."

This pension lies in the heart of that new and rich quarter of Paris which has come to be called American. In Paris all the houses are apartment houses. Here they are handsome and regular, about six stories high. They are built of a creamy-white stone, so soft when it is first quarried that it may be carved with a penknife. Exposure to the weather hardens and darkens it, and the blue-gray haze of Paris spring, autumn and winter weather gives it a yet more sober hue. There is great regularity in height, construction and decoration, which conduces to the dignity of the streets. One of the special marks of these houses is the ever-present iron and stone balcony around the windows of the first floor (our second or third floor), and often on each floor above. These are the airing places of the denizens. Below it is the asphalt sidewalk and the asphalt street, on which the apartment house's wide and high portes-cocheres yawn throughout the daytime.

Miss Laura Millard.

Laura Millard, a clever young actress has lately created a sensation in Chicago. She recently appeared as Marion Morton in the new opera "Africa" and won almost instant favor with Chicago audiences. Her singing is superb. She was formerly with the Duff Opera company and was last seen in the leading female role of "The Little Tycoon."

LAURA MILLARD.

OLD PLAYER DEAD.

Dan Sullivan, an Old-Time Player, Passes Away at Providence.

Daniel C. Sullivan, a veteran ex-professional catcher, died of consumption recently at Providence, R. I., where he was born about thirty-eight years ago. He first came into prominence as the catcher of the Narragansett team, of his native city, and afterward caught for semi-professional teams of Stoneham and Holyoke, Mass., and Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. While catching for the latter team he took part in the memorable contest with the Eclipse club, June 20, 1881, at Louisville, when darkness caused a cessation of play with the score tied after nineteen innings had been completed, he having made one of the two runs credited to the Akron team. After playing in a few championship games that season with the Detroit club he joined the Metropolitan club in August, 1881, and finished the season with that team, acceptably filling the catcher's position to the pitching of Daily, Doyle and Neagle. His professional career may be said to have commenced in 1881, and his next engagement was with the Eclipse club of Louisville in 1882. Sullivan continued three consecutive seasons with the team that represented Louisville in the American association, and much of the success it attained can be attributed to the clever manner in which he handled the effective delivery of Mullane, Hecker and its other pitchers. In 1885 he joined the St. Louis Browns, alternating with Bushong in catching the pitching of Caruthers and Foutz, and materially aiding that team to win for the first time the championship of the American association, Sullivan virtually ranking first that season in its official fielding averages. His last engagements were with the Savannah and Memphis clubs of the Southern league in 1886. Sullivan then retired from playing professionally, taking up his residence in his native city. During his professional career Sullivan was very popular with his associates and the general public, who will hear with regret of his death.

Kitchen Hints.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible. Nearly every one opens it gently enough.

California and the Pacific Coast

Reached cheaply via the popular Nickel Plate road. Special reduced rates account Mid Winter Fair.

THE PUZZLER

No. 374.—Triple Acrostic.

1 x x x x 8 x x x x 15
2 x x x x 9 x x x x 16
3 x x x x 10 x x x x 17
4 x x x x 11 x x x x 18
5 x x x x 12 x x x x 19
6 x x x x 13 x x x x 20
7 x x x x 14 x x x x 21

From 1 to 8, to starve; from 2 to 9, a large grazing farm; from 3 to 10, to have in great plenty; from 4 to 11, observing; from 5 to 12, to fondle; from 6 to 13, an inhabitant of Greenland; from 7 to 14, a fine fish.

From 8 to 15, to associate familiarly; from 9 to 16, a variety of brass made to resemble gold; from 10 to 17, a weapon; from 11 to 18, a measure of capacity; from 12 to 19, to greet; from 13 to 20, motive; from 14 to 21, floating in water.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 21 name a popular story writer.

No. 375.—A Short Tail.

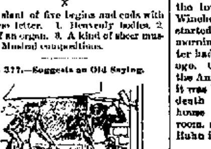
Won Dey ayo rabbet staid two long inn thee farmer's young orchard of pairs. He herd thee approaching barque of a dog, and wood fane have escaped. He ran and doubled, and maid every effort, butt hiz vane. A buoy appeared upon thee seine. The buoy had aye gun. Their was a slight pause buy thee rabbet, and then aye grater effort. "Are me!" she side. "Eye can knot reach won of thee deer old Holmes! Eye shall never sea them Moore. That crewel fellow will shute me. Eye see it hiz his 1." She did knot Miss steak; he raced thee weapon, took site, and fired. The aim was two true, butt fortunately for Bunny, mist a vital part, and struck, instead, the poor little tale, carrying ayt peace of it away. Stung buy thee pane, Bunny maid still grater speed, and awl was well excepting thee poor little tale.

No. 376.—A Hollow Diamond.

X
O O
O O
O O
X X
O O
O O
O O
X

Each slant of five begins and ends with the same letter. 1. Heavenly bodies. 2. Parts of an organ. 3. A kind of sheer muslin. 4. Musical compositions.

No. 377.—Suggests an Old Saying.



No. 378.—A Double Diagonal.

The diagonals, read downward, will form the name of two European countries. Watched over. A pupil. A town in Greece. A town in Italy. A town in Spain. A territory in the United States. Trickery.

No. 379.—Missing Letter Quotation.

When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form a verse from a favorite poem by Longfellow:

[illegible]

No. 380.—Concealed Birds.

1. Walatwo. 2. Hertin. 3. Npoige. 4. Gmplse. 5. Leowcn. 6. Ttmod.

No. 381.—Word Squares.

Frozen rain; not any; at one time; a period of time.

A bird; goods to sell; an open surface; orderly.

No. 382.—Riddles.

1. Why is an empty purse expressive of constancy?
2. What odd number when beheaded will become even?
3. Why is the letter R indispensable to friendship?
4. If all the letters of the alphabet were on a mountain, what letter would leave first?
5. Why is there some reason to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway?
6. What enlightens the world, though dark itself?
7. What vegetables are dangerous in a ship and harmless on shore?
8. What is the worth of woman?
9. When does a man shave with a silver razor?
10. What is that which nobody wishes for, but if he has it he wants to gain it, and if he gains it he has it no more?

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 366.—A Peculiar Acrostic: MadAM. 2. BriDE. 3. BreAD. 4. MacME. 5. AmeSA.

No. 367.—Double Triangles:

M D
LA RA
RAP PEG
LATH BEAR
HAPHAZARD BARRISTER
ZONE SOON
ANT TON
RE EN
D R

No. 368.—Illustrated Rebus: Think over what you hear and learn to be wise.

No. 369.—Crossword: Pink.

No. 370.—A Good Old Riddle: A book.

No. 371.—A Mixture: Philadelphia.

No. 372.—An Octagon:

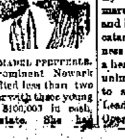
D E E D
I R
A U
M M
I O
L D
E E
N A
O S
T R A T

No. 373.—Transposed Proverbs: 1. A burnt child dreads the fire. 2. Be just before you are generous. 3. Don't halloo till you are out of the wood. 4. Enough is as good as a feast. 5. Fine feathers make fine birds. 6. Handsome is that handsome does. 7. Little strokes fell great oaks.

A ROMANTIC WIDOW

Wanted to Get Married Early and Succeeded.

It has recently leaked out in New York that Prof. W. E. McClellan, the dancing master, was married to Mrs. Mabel Pfefferle at 2 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 17 in Newark by Rev. E. J. Millington, who was awakened from his sleep to perform the ceremony. Just why the affair was kept a secret no one knows, but there appears to have been no good reason for it except a desire to be romantic. The groom is handsome and from Vermont, while his wife is a brunette, trim of figure, wealthy and hailed originally from Harrison, her maiden name being Vielly. Mrs. Pfefferle is about 26 years old, pretty and vivacious, and was the wife of John Pfefferle, a prominent Newark business man, who died less than two years ago, leaving her with three young children and about $100,000 in cash, bonds and real estate. She has since been living in good style and had many admirers. While spending the summer of 1892 in her Asbury Park cottage Mrs. Pfefferle got considerable unpleasant notoriety by sending a dollar to a matrimonial agency in a spirit of fun. Through this she got into correspondence with a man named A. E. Nixon of California. They exchanged photographs, and one day the young widow was astonished when the man walked into her cottage and announced himself to be her future husband. Her joke had gone further than she expected; but she ended it right there by ordering the man away and refusing to have any more to do with him. He was determined to marry her, however, and threatened suits for breach of promise and all sorts of things unless she accepted him.

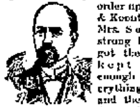


MABEL PFEFFERLE.

ROBBED THE WIDOW

And Skipped to Guatemala, Where He Died.

Two years ago Mrs. Susanna Schwartz, widow of Christian Schwartz of Natchez, Miss., gave Joseph Hahn, her brother-in-law, an order on her bankers, Messrs. Britton & Koontz, for her special deposit box, which was kept in their vaults. Hahn did not present the order at the time. About two months ago Mrs. Schwartz determined upon a trip to Chicago. Two days before her departure Hahn presented the undated order upon Britton & Koontz to deliver Mrs. Schwartz's strong box. Hahn got the box and kept it long enough to take everything of value and then returned it to the bankers.



JOSEPH HAHN.

Hahn converted the $75,000 worth of securities into cash, and after Mrs. Schwartz's departure he took passage on a steamer at New Orleans for Guatemala. For a month there was no suspicion of what had taken place. Feeling secure in his retreat, Hahn wrote a confession of his robbery to Frank A. Winchester, one of the attorneys of the town. About a month ago Mr. Winchester, employed by Mrs. Schwartz, started after Hahn. On Thursday morning word came that Mr. Winchester had died in Guatemala two weeks ago. Communication was opened with the American consul at Guatemala, and it was learned that at the time of his death Winchester was in the same house with Hahn, in an adjoining room, and that he died in great agony. Hahn is still in Guatemala.

Stepped on a Ten Foot Alligator.

W. R. Knox and Wade Harris were out duck hunting. While walking through the tall saw grass on the banks of Alligator creek, about one mile or so back from India river, they had a rather thrilling experience with a very large alligator.

Knox was in the lead, and, while groping his way through the tall grass suddenly stepped on something that made his hair stand up straight, for, before he knew it, he was thrown about four feet up into the air—hat one way and gun another.

After regaining his breath he succeeded in calling and waving to Harris to come up to him, and both cautiously advanced toward the saurian, which, after he had pitched Knox up in the air, crawled off a few steps and remained quietly waiting for him to come up and step on him again, but Knox was not in the stepping business about that time.

They both cocked their guns which were loaded with duckshot, and creeping toward Mr. 'Gator, one load was placed under his fore left paw and the other charge given him right in the face. He measured ten feet in length.

The Pneumatic Hub.

An English inventor has introduced a pneumatic hub for bicycles, which consists of a metallic drum, about six inches in diameter and three inches wide. Each end of this drum is closed with a disc of leather, on the inside of which is a disc of indiarubber, the two being fastened around the edge of the drum body. This constitutes the hub of the wheel, and through it the axle passes and is fixed to it. In order to prevent lateral play, there is a ring of flat metal fixed around the inside of the drum at the center and projecting from it, which fits between two similar plates or discs fixed on the axle. The drum is charged with air at a pressure of sixty pounds per square inch through a small valve. Numerous claims are made for the value of the pneumatic hub.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Dreier & Bros.' drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

It does look hard that, during these hard times, the man who wrote "After the Ball" should be drawing $1,000 a day from the sale of the song. Yet that is the news which comes well vouched for from the home of the writer in Milwaukee.

Allow me to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

A Rum Feed.

The guest at the hotel table was not satisfied by a great deal with the menu, and he was bad mannered enough to say so.

"Perhaps, sir," said the waiter politely, "you'd like some of the rum punch."

"The what?"

"The rum punch, sir."

"Well, bring it on and let me see. I've tried your rum meat and rum vegetables and rum bread and a dozen more rum things you've got here, and maybe I won't be disappointed in your rum punch. Bring it on and be in a hurry about it."—Detroit Free Press.

Gauged.

The Sweetest—Do you love me more than you ever loved any other girl, George?

The Dearest—Yes; I know I do by the sickening fear I have whenever I see your father.—Truth.

Nerve Tonic

Blood Builder

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

50c. per box. 6 for $2.50.

Send for descriptive pamphlet.

DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Schenectady, N.Y. and Brockville, Ont.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. TRY THE CURE.

CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied in Each Nostril and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at druggists by mail, registered, 60c. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

METROPOLITAN Business College!

Cor. Michigan Ave and Monroe St. CHICAGO. Thorough instruction. Cheap boarding. Elegant fireproof building. Send for prospectus. O. M. POWERS, Prin.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Every Young Man

Who desires a good business position in the World's Fair city should write at once for Prospectus of the famous Metropolitan Business College, Chicago. Unusual facilities for placing graduates. Established 20 years. Occupies its own building. Address, O. M. POWERS, Principal.

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time AS FOLLOWS:

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

FROM FT. WAYNE TO	LEAVE	ARRIVE
Valparaiso and Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]
New York and Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]
Youngstown and Pittsburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lima and Crestline	[illegible]	[illegible]
Valparaiso and Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]
Valparaiso and Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]
Canton and Pittsburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warsaw and Plymouth	[illegible]	[illegible]
Valparaiso and Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]
New York and Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburg and Philadelphia	[illegible]	[illegible]
New York and Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburg and Philadelphia	[illegible]	[illegible]

THE WABASH LINE—Trains Carrying Passengers Leave FORT WAYNE. Schedule of November 19, 1893.

GOING EAST.	DEPART.
New York and Boston Lim., daily	[illegible]
Toledo Express, except Sunday	[illegible]
Atlantic Express, daily	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]
GOING WEST.	DEPART.
Pacific Express, daily	[illegible]
Kansas City Ex., except Sunday	[illegible]
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday	[illegible]
St. Louis Limited, daily	[illegible]

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		
For Grand Rapids and North	Lv.	[illegible]
For Grand Rapids	Lv.	[illegible]
From Richmond	Ar.	[illegible]
GOING SOUTH.		
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv.	[illegible]
[illegible]	Lv.	[illegible]
Grand Rapids	Ar.	[illegible]

Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

NORTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 102 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 28 Cin. Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 26 Detroit & Ind'pls Express	[illegible]
SOUTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 101 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 27 Through Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 109 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex.	[illegible]

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eastern Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]
WEST.	Arr.	Dep.
Chicago Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. Through sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Superb dining cars. Through tickets to all points are on sale and baggage checked to destination.

B. F. HORNER, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleve. O.

F. W. GARDINER, Pass. & Ticket Agt., Fort Wayne.

M. J. BLIRE, City Ticket Agt., 71 Calhoun St.

FT. W., C. & L. R. R. AND L. E. & W. R. R.

NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.	
No. 140 Passenger Arrives	11 40 am
No. 142 Passenger	10 10 am
No. 1170 Local	4 30 pm
SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.	
No. 141 Passenger Leaves	7 15 am
No. 143 Passenger	4 00 pm
No. 1171 Local	8 30 am

†Daily except Sunday. *Daily.

WANTED.

WANTED—One more salesman; good pay to a worker. E. P. Thomas, 12 West Wayne street. 7tf

WANTED—To buy a good secondhand sleigh at once. Address, stating condition and price, sleigh, care Sentinel. 7-3t

WANTED—Man—salary and expenses. Permanent place whole or part time. Apply at once. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Chicago. Oc14-8-10-2m

WANTED—Are you a catholic? Are you unemployed? Will you work for $18 per week? Write to me at once. J. R. GAY, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago. 20-11-25-12-29

WANTED—A position as solicitor, in the city or on the road. Three years experience in city and vicinity. Address, "Doc," care Sentinel office. 18-tf

WANTED—Agents to sell our new "Common Sense in Business Matters," sells at sight; send for circular. Voorhees & Rudd, 172 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill. 5-10t

WANTED—A good sleigh to use during the season. Will pay good rent and return in good condition. Inquire at John C. Hattersley's livery barn, Pearl street. 8-tf

WANTED—Anybody troubled with a cough or cold on the lungs after lagrippe or throat trouble, call and try my lung syrup, which will relieve you. No. 10 Murray street. 11-22-1m

WANTED—Lady or gentleman, general or local agents; the most liberal inducements ever offered by any establishment. Call or address N. W., No. 18 West DeWald st., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1y50

WANTED—A home for the winter, in a family of two, where it will be pleasant; a christian family preferred; will work for board and go out nursing. Age 57. Inquire or address Mrs. C. Modell, 9 Rockhill street, city. 6tf

WE WISH to employ a few good men to make $50 to $100 a week selling our Home Electric Motor. Runs sewing machines, printing presses, pumps, etc. Everybody buys them. Steady employment. Easy situation and good wages. Address, W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk No. 14, Columbus, Ohio. 9-27

WANTED—TO INVESTORS—I can place $1,000 at 7 per cent. interest, payable semi annually; three or five years time; on improved resident city real estate, valued at $2,500; good location and desirable property. Also, have several applications for smaller amounts, same terms, all first-class security. A. W. White, room 29, Arcade. 28tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room at 40 East Lewis street. 13-tf

FOR RENT—Rooms, with board, at 29 West Washington street. 29-tf

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, with all modern conveniences. Call at 50 East Washington street. 15-tf

FOR RENT—A hall over 176 Calhoun St.; heated and lighted with natural gas. Inquire of F. E. Cox. 3-tf

FOR RENT—Very large, nice front room, with board, for two men or man and wife, at 182 Calhoun street. 7-2t

FOR RENT—Room, elegantly furnished, in with small private family, with or without board, 109 Lafayette street. 16-tf

FOR RENT—Two well furnished rooms, suitable for one or two gentlemen. Inquire at 41 West Washington street. 13-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished front rooms on West Wayne street. All conveniences. Address, H., care Sentinel. 6-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping, also, nice furnished front room with board. 182 East Jefferson street. 29-tf

FOR RENT—Six room house No. 303 West DeWald, all modern improvements. Inquire at 221 West Creighton avenue or 47 East Columbia street. H. T. Stapleford. 7-3t

FOR RENT—Store room and offices in the "Arcade building." Lowest rents in the city. Best location off Calhoun street. Only eighty feet from Calhoun street. Store room, $25; offices, $8 per month. 18-tf

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling, No. 63 West Main street; seven rooms, large double hall, front and rear stairways and cellar; piped for natural gas and coal gas. Rent reasonable. Inquire at 67 W. Main St. 6-tf

FOR RENT—After January 1st, a suite of four rooms on second floor, above the Singer sewing machine Co. on West Wayne street, only few doors from Calhoun street. For particulars, call at the Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Two or four furnished or unfurnished rooms, separately or all together; no objection to light housekeeping. Rare chance for some one wishing fine home, just opposite new city hall, 17 East Berry street. 8-2

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Bargain in a second-hand piano. Call at Kyle & Flunsdorff, 82 Calhoun street. 2-10-2t

FOR SALE—Five room house, good barn and waterworks. For particulars inquire at 239 West Washington street. 8-7

FOR SALE—Splendid organ, nearly as good as new. Cost $125. Will sell very cheap. 115 West Washington street. 1-tf

FOR SALE—Very cheap, a business scholarship in the Fort Wayne Business College. For particulars, address, Box 2, Sentinel office. 6-2t

FOR SALE—Nice building lot, 33x150 feet, south side East Berry street, near Clay, with brick pavement, water and gas improvements. Price $33.00 per foot, on easy terms. A. B. White, Fruit House. 29-tf

FOR SALE—Two well matched heavy horses, good harness, one three-inch tire wagon with dump boards, wood rack and wagon box. Price, $250 cash. Inquire at C. Grieb, west end of Taylor street, or 116 Wells street. 8-tf

FOR SALE—Two elegant properties on Lake avenue, Lakeside. $25 a month will buy a fine two-story eight-room frame house, just erected. $20 a month will buy the other one. It has eight rooms and is one of the handsomest houses in that beautiful addition. Payments stated will include interest as well as principal. Call on D. N. Foster, at his furniture store. 23-1m

LOST.

LOST—The Domestic sewing machine taken from the Aveline hotel the night of the fire. The parties that have it please notify, and will call and identify machine and will be rewarded. Mrs. Thornton, P. O. box 148, or 116 Calhoun street. 16-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERRY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence, 36 Madison street. Specialty—Diseases of women. Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Telephone No. 431.

M. W. FAY
WAREHOUSE & STORAGE
Warehouse Cor. Francis and Harden Sts. Office 127 Calhoun St. Telephone 231.

COUPON

Sights and Scenes of the World.

PART 1. NUMBER 3.

Numbers Changed Every Day.

Cut this coupon out and keep it until three of different numbers are accumulated, then forward them together with

TEN CENTS

To the Coupon Department,

FORT WAYNE SENTINEL,

and you will receive the elegant portfolio of photographs as advertised. See our advertisement on another page.

CUT THIS OUT.

The pensive poet of a contemporary arises to remark that the World's Fair is "a vision as fair as a soul-swept dream." With full confidence that a soul-swept dream is something unusually nice, we concur in saying it is.

A Good Substitute.

New Girl—Please, mum, the fire's out, and the cook wants to know where's the kerosene.

Mistress—We don't keep kerosene, but if you are in a hurry you will find a small keg of powder in my husband's room.—Brooklyn Life.

VERY HOPEFUL

Is Grand Master Workman Sovereign

Of the Future Prosperity of His Order—Incidents of the Day.

The new grand master workman of the Knights of Labor, after a brief return to DesMoines, has gone east again and is now in Philadelphia making arrangements to sell the K. of L. property there in accordance with the instructions of the general assembly of the Knights preparatory to removing the headquarters of the order either to Washington or Baltimore. "I propose," said Mr. Sovereign, when asked about his plans with reference to his work in the responsible position to which he has just been elected, "to go over the country organizing and building up the order in accordance with the preamble of the constitution. Having never been in antagonism to the trades unions, and belonging to no factions in the labor movement, I expect the hearty co-operation of my fellow knights and the workers generally. Anything that I can do to bring about a closer affiliation and more harmony between the different labor organizations will certainly be done, and when the general assembly meets in New Orleans next year I believe we will have twice the number of members we have now." Mr. Sovereign is a native of Wisconsin and is in his fortieth year. He is a marble cutter by trade, but has also conducted several newspapers at various times devoted to the labor interests. He believes in the theories of the greenback party, but gave valuable aid to Governor Boies during his first candidacy in 1889 and was appointed labor commissioner. He prepared the statistics which formed the basis of Governor Boies' famous speech at the democratic banquet in Madison Square in 1890, in which the governor said the corn had been raised at a loss in Iowa during the five preceding years. When Governor Boies was re-elected he reappointed Sovereign as labor commissioner. His term expires next April.

MINOR MENTION.

H. Hoder, of the Wayne Knitting mills, is laid up with the grip.

Arthur J. Chappell has been appointed agent of the Lake Shore road at Otis, Ind.

The largest locomotive was built four years ago for the Northern Pacific, 225,000 pounds in weight.

Thomas Tombaugh, moulder at the Bass foundry, is confined to his home by a severe attack of la grippe.

E. L. Roederer has been appointed general agent of the Nickel Plate at St. Louis, vice John Fleming, resigned.

Theodore Thieme, of the Wayne Knitting mills, returned home last night from a business trip to Philadelphia and New York.

W. B. McClaren, of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, has been appointed agent of the Lake Erie and Western at Frankfort, Ind., vice W. L. Brewer.

Nickel Plate Engineer C. F. Braithwaite was taken suddenly ill yesterday while working on his engine in the roundhouse and was unable to go out on his run.

The higher officials of the Pennsylvania lines are engaged in preparing estimates of what expenditures shall be made on the western lines in the coming year. It is known that the estimates will not be as liberal as in the last year.

General Manager Bradbury says there is no truth in the rumor that there is to be a reduction of salaries on the Lake Erie and Western. Business is not as brisk as it might be, but it has not reached the point, Mr. Bradbury says, when he must reduce the pay of the employes.

The Western general managers' agreement prohibiting the issuance of passes to shippers and reducing all forms of free transportation to the minimum, goes into effect January 1, 1894. The Denver and Rio Grande is the only important road which has not signed the agreement.

A special coach was attached to the Crestline accommodation this morning for the purpose of conveying the friends and relatives of the late J. A. Hurless to Convoy, Ohio, where interment took place today. The funeral was under the auspices of Maumee lodge, No. 50, A. O. U. W., and a large number of the brothers of the order accompanied the remains to Convoy.

John Palmer, the inventor of the railroad check system, died a few days ago in a little town in Michigan. He was a fiddler years ago, and took charge of hats and wraps of those who came to dancing parties. He gave numbered checks for them, and some railroad men who attended one of his dances appropriated the idea, and in a little while the system was adopted all over the country.

Engineer Levi H. Slagle, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad had an interesting time with highwaymen at an early hour this morning. Mr. Slagle was on his way to the round house to go out on his run when he was suddenly attacked by footpads, who knocked him down and attempted to rifle his pockets, but owing to the plucky fight made by Mr. Slagle, were unable to secure any booty. The engineer reported at the round house but was too badly used up to go on duty.

The Pennsylvania was the first line to introduce in the west the hotel car system, serving meals aboard the Pullman cars. The Wabash was the first line to introduce the dining car system proper. Now there are few western lines of any prominence without the dining car attachment for through train service. The Big Four introduced the cafe car system, serving meals a la carte on its southwestern limited, but it has now adopted the dining car system.

Missouri's secretary of state has granted a charter to the Missouri River and Chicago Railway company. The capital stock is $1,200,000. According to the articles of association a railroad will be constructed from a point on the Missouri, Kansas and Eastern railroad, in Calloway county, near St. Aubert, and thence in a northwesterly direction to Fulton and Columbia, thence in a northeasterly direction to the Wabash near Centralia, and thence to Hannibal, a distance of about 120 miles. The stockholders are all residents of Kansas City.

The Michigan Central now hauls on its night express trains an arsenal car, well fortified for protection of the train. The cars made their first trip on Monday night. The train on which this arsenal car is hauled is made up of mail and express cars only, there being eight or ten on the train in each direction. The Arsenal car, as it has been christened, is hauled on the rear of the train, adjoining the express car in which the valuables are carried. Other cars of the same type are to be constructed. Four cars will be required to protect these trains in both directions.

MIRACULOUS.

Cure of a Well Known Citizen of Fort Wayne.

Blind for Seven Years and Eyesight Restored by the Use of Actina—What He Says.

Read the wonderful testimony of a citizen of Fort Wayne who had been blind for seven years and was restored to sight by the use of the wonderful Actina.

Mr. Gunder, the gentleman referred to in this article, is a resident of Bloomingdale, and is well known as an honest man and a good citizen.

This is what he says of Actina:

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Dec. 6, 1893.
New York and London Electric Association:

Gentlemen—I have used your Actina for seven weeks and the results have been so satisfactory that I take great pleasure in giving you the facts of my case. Twelve years ago my eyes became sore and I treated with Dr. Seaton and then with Dr. Wheelock, and later with Dr. Dills, but received no relief. I have used all kinds of medicines. When I came to you I could see only a shadow with my right eye and daylight only with my left eye. The lid was closed. Now I can see the spires of the court house and Cathedral from my home in Bloomingdale, which is about a mile, with my left eye, which was the worst—something I could not do in many years. So marvelous have been the results in my case, I can cheerfully recommend Actina to any one suffering with their eyes. Any one doubting this statement can call upon me.

Yours respectfully,
EMANUEL GUNDER,
No. 223 Wells Street.

The branch office of the New York and London Electric Association is at No. 9 East Wayne street, up stairs, where free treatment may be received at all hours.

HOLIDAY PRICES

For Thirty Days Only.

We will make the following reduced prices on our fine Enamel Finish

Cabinet Photos:

$4.00 per doz., reduced to $2.50.
$3.00 per doz., reduced to $2.00.
$2.00 per doz., reduced to $1.50.
$1.50 per doz., reduced to $1.00.

All work guaranteed. Call and see our work and be convinced.

Crayon Portraits

From all photos or tin-types. Prices very low for a few days.

Remember the place, first door north of Root & Co's store, 41 Calhoun St.

F. HOWENSTEIN & SON.
28eod10tw1t

Cost Sale.

On account of reducing my stock, I will for the next two weeks sell at and below cost my entire line of Hats, Caps, Gent's Furnishings, Pants, Trunks, Satchels, etc. First come, first served, and the prices will surprise you. Come and look for yourself.

5eod6t HENRY RUSS,
Corner Broadway and Jefferson St.

The Time to Travel

Cheaply will be during the holidays. Special rates on the Nickel Plate road. 8, 9 15 16 22 23 29 30w3t

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Gent's Gold Watches at Voirol's.

See Nickel Plate Agents

Regarding holiday excursions. Tickets will be sold at reduced rates between all stations on the Nickel Plate road also to points on many connecting lines. 8 9 15 16 22 23 29 30w3t

ENJOYS A MASQUERADE.

The Members of the East Main Club Entertained.

Music at the Wayne Club Reception—A Number of Sleighing Parties—Personal Notes.

Mrs. R. C. Bell is entertaining Miss Winnie Brady, of Muncie.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Metzler are visiting friends in Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Geo. Shivers, of Monroe street, who has been very seriously ill, is improving.

Miss Lulu Farr, of Huntington, is the guest of Mrs. James Bush, of the north side.

Misses Bessie and Alice Knight are the guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Knight, at Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Nellie Stout will leave this evening for Chicago to visit friends. From that city she goes to Mattoon, Ill., where she will visit her sister for several weeks.

Handkerchiefs are a little larger and have quarter-inch hems. A single initial letter is the only embroidery used. Embroidered borders are left to the children.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Baldwin and their little baby daughter, Ruth, of Marion, Ind., are visiting at 29 Grand street with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. T. Cummings, parents of Mrs. Baldwin.

Articles for the foreign exhibits for the World's Fair festival, to be held at the Y. M. C. A. December 12, 13 and 14, are beginning to arrive and are being placed in the Liberal Arts hall. Donkeys for the Cairo street have also arrived.

Mrs. Frank Poole is now the alto singer in the church choir at the Baptist Tabernacle. The choir is composed of Prof. H. B. Woolsey and Lew Barron, Mrs. S. A. Northrop, soprano; Mrs. Poole, alto, and Miss Belle Mills, organist.

The English club held an interesting meeting at the home of Miss Kate Chapin yesterday afternoon and papers were read by Mrs. John Shoaf and Mrs. John Jacobs. Selections from the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes were also read.

The students of the Concordia college gave the first of their series of entertainments to be given this winter, at the Concordia college last evening. The affair was very well attended and the program given in yesterday's SENTINEL was well carried out.

Mrs. Anna Mary Noll, wife of Upon Noll, the east end grocer, has gone to Jefferson township to be at the bedside of her father, John Butler, who is lying at the point of death. Mr. Butler is one of the pioneers of the county and is well and prominently known.

In her usual charming manner Miss Alice Zollinger entertained the Clark club at her West Wayne street home last evening. The members present were Misses Sadie Rockhill, Florence Barrett, Jessie McLachlin, Messrs. Ed. Robbins, George Craw, Ralph Colerick and Walter Seaver.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Orice, of 180 West Jefferson street, very pleasantly entertained at cards on Thursday evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall, Misses Flora Hall, Joe Winnie and Lida Spaulding, Messrs. Herbert Wilcox, of Garrett; J. V. Ort, of Cleveland; Horton Finnadore and C. Black.

A delightful surprise was tendered Mr. Theo. Dodane, of Wells street, Thursday evening. Cards and games were indulged in and a delicious oyster supper was served. Those present were Misses Jennie Campbell, Grace Monahan, Annie O'Rourke, Mary Sullivan, Grace Weber; Messrs. Fred Noll, A. Dittoe, W. A. Rundel, Louis Scheiman, James McKendry.

Last evening the Misses Helen and Julia Snyder, Jennie Campbell, Stella Swearingen, Mary McDonald, Gertrude Morris, Myrtle Strack, Irma Seavey, Lulu Barrows and Messrs Alfred Cressler, Ronald Furman, John Stahl, Walter Philley, Frank Davis, Fred Gregg, Percy Olds, Charles Lang and Guy Bell, chaperoned by Miss Kate Beebe highly enjoyed a coast about the city in a bobsled.

Thursday evening Mr. E. Poulson J. Seabold gave a delightful sleighing party to the home of Miss Lulu Shettinger at Maysville. Those present were: Misses Ida Deplear, Lottie Cramer, Rose Swartz, Clara Snellmich, Sophia Seabold, Emma Seanson, Hannah Fahey, Hattie Cramer, Josie Hanahstine, Messrs. E. Poulson, J. Seabold, W. Clott, G. Holbrook, F. Alderman, G. Walsmith, M. Smelser, C. Weller, W. Neibergall and C. Hosler.

The Epworth league of Berry street church gave a very interesting entertainment in the church parlors last evening. The program printed in yesterday's SENTINEL, was under the supervision of Miss Ella R. Willard, president of the literary department of the league, and consisted of tableaux representing scenes in the writings of American authors, that have been read by this department during the season. Many of the scenes were vivid and striking, and all were well placed.

It was a very merry party of young people who, chaperoned by Miss Gorham, of Westminster seminary, enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Mamie Dickinson at a sleighing party on Thursday evening. They had a delightful ride to New Haven, where an oyster supper was served before the return trip was made. The participants were Misses Edith Varnelle, Mamie Zollinger, Cora Wilson, Mamie Dickinson, Miss Gorham and Messrs. Edward Woodward, Herbert Winslow, Arthur Dougal, Clarence Swann.

Miss Frankie Mason, of Arcola, was very pleasantly surprised by a sleighing party from this city last evening, and most delightfully entertained her unexpected guests at dancing, with music and cards. Those present were: Mrs. John Pauley, Misses Rosa Simon, May Pauley, Mamie Dalton, Lena Spaulding, May Sullivan and Joe Pauley, Messrs. Cliff Smith, Carl Shobert, Charles Collins, Tom O'Brien, Peter Harper and Louis Spaulding.

At the Fort Wayne club last evening the first informal reception of this season was given and an impromptu musicale entertained the guests in attendance. Several excellent numbers were rendered by Mrs. W. H. Myers, Mrs. Chas. McCulloch and W. S. Bash. During the later hours of the evening a few of the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves at dancing. The reception committee of this occasion was composed of Messrs. Charles McCulloch, Theodore Frank, John Mohr, jr., Frank Smock and Dr. W. W. Mungen.

The members of the East Main street Pedro club were very agreeably entertained at a masquerade at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tillo last evening. All the participants were well disguised and the costumes were pretty, grotesque, comical and unique. The early hours of the evening were devoted to dancing and at 10 o'clock when supper was served, masks were removed. Later the guests pinned the tail on the donkey and prizes were given to Mrs. Murray Hartnett, Miss Grace Woodward, Messrs. W. Colerick and Seymour Boyd. The guests and characters represented were as follows: Mrs. M. E. Woodward, nun; Mrs. Murray Hartnett, Swedish girl; Mrs. John Evans, Samantha Allen; Mrs. A. D. Link, Aunt Dinah; Miss Luella Ash, Priscilla; Mrs. C. D. Tillo, Topsy; Mrs. Byron Hattersley, Folly; Mrs. H. A. Starkey, Gretchen; Miss Cora Ash, Baby; Miss Maud Harrison, Bridget; Miss Grace Woodward, Italian Market Woman; Miss Lillian Ash, Topsy; Miss Emma Ash, Baby; H. J. Ash, Irishman; T. N. Lloyd, Hunchback; S. D. Boyd, Sailor; Byron Hattersley, Policeman; C. D. Tillo, Dago Merchant. Fred Ash, as a monkey, and Maurice Evans, as an Italian, imitated Donnelly and Girard; Will Colerick, Chinaman. Other members of the club present not en masque were: Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Ad. Link, Mrs. Charles Howey, Misses Lou and Joe Strong, Mrs. E. J. Woodward, Mrs. Hocker, Miss Hayzer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Colerick, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Foster and Miss Belle Lloyd.

PERSONAL NEWS

As it Comes to Us from Out-of-Town Papers.

The Kendallville Standard says: "Mr. Markus Tryon, of Fort Wayne, was in the city attending the funeral of his brother, Moses Tryon."

The Payne, Ohio, Press says: "Will Bogart, of Fort Wayne, Sundayed with his father, J. W. Bogart, of this place. —Phil Hyman, jr., of Fort Wayne, was in town last week.

The Decatur Democrat says: "John Webber and wife, of Fort Wayne, formerly of this city, are in the city visiting their son, John, and other friends, and attending court."

The Kendallville News says: "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green, of Fort Wayne, visited with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Green, the past week.—Dr. Geo. Johnson, of Fort Wayne, was in town visiting with his mother, Mrs. Dier."

The Columbia City Mail says: "Ira C. Jackson, of Fort Wayne, brother of John and Silas Jackson, of this county, called on the Mail Monday in company with Jacob Maring, of this city. Mr. Jackson is eighty-two years old and voted twice for both Wm. H. and Benjamin Harrison."

The Churubusco Truth says: "Dave Winebrenner and wife and Ute Rhodes and wife, of Fort Wayne, visited in this city a portion of the week.—Alexander Martin and a party of duck hunters, of Fort Wayne, spent last Thursday at Blue lake.—A. T. Sturgeon, of Fort Wayne, was seen on our streets last Tuesday."

The Ossian News says: "Miss Minnie Houser, of Fort Wayne, arrived here Monday for a brief visit with her grandparents and other relatives.—George Foulks, of Fort Wayne, was circulating among friends in this vicinity the first of the week.—A. W. Clark came out from Fort Wayne Friday for a rabbit hunt along the Eight Mile."

IN THEIR OLD PLACES.

Lehigh Valley Employes Resume Charge of Affairs.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 9.—The old employes of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company, who went on strike, are gradually being taken back to work. A large number of engineers, firemen and switchmen, who went out, are now back in their old places.

Corbett-Mitchell.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 9.—It has finally been decided that Corbett will be trained at Mayport for his fight with Mitchell. Corbett is expected in about ten days. Opposition to the fight seems to have died out, at least nothing is heard from those who have been opposed to it.

MISSIONARY DEAD.

Rev. Henry Giesen Dies in the Monastery of St. Michael's Church.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Rev. Henry Giesen, the well known Redemptionist missionary, died this morning in the monastery of St. Michael's church. He has been in ill health for several months.

Election Notice.

At their next regular meeting, Friday, December 15, 1893, Summit Encampment, No. 16, I. O. O. F., will elect officers and three trustees. All members are requested to be present.

J. A. RICHARDSON, C. P.
L. A. WAHRMAN, Rec. Scribe.

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Ladies' Gold Watches at Voirol's.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 10.

Text of the Lesson, I Pet. i, 1-12—Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Col. i, 12—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia." The writers of the epistles know but one master—they are either servants or apostles of Jesus Christ—and being controlled by the Spirit they glorify Him (Math. xxiii, 8; John xvi, 14). Their aim is to help their fellow strangers to be holy in their lives and full of good works that God may be glorified (chapter ii, 11, 12).

2. "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ. Grace unto you and peace be multiplied." Scriptural election is the choosing of some to bless others, these chosen ones being taken out from the rest that they may be specially qualified for special service (Eph. i, 4; Rom. viii, 29). The exceeding abundance of His grace and peace is given to such that through them it may be multiplied to others. If you have received Him, you are one of His elect. If you have not received Him, you may do so at once (John vi, 37; iii, 16; Rev. xxii, 17).

3. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." The significance of the resurrection is fully stated in I Cor. xv, 12, 22. He who was dead is alive forevermore, and at the right hand of God are the evidence of our justification and the assurance of our continued life (Rev. i, 18; Rom. iv, 25; viii, 34). To be identified with a risen, living Christ, who has all power in heaven and on earth, and to be commissioned as His ambassadors to proclaim His salvation is surely the highest honor that mortal men can enjoy on this earth (John xvii, 18; II Cor. v, 20).

4. "To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." All things here are perishable, but the word of the Lord and the glory of the Lord endureth forever (verses 24, 25; I John ii, 17; Heb. xii, 28). Jesus at the right hand of God is not only our righteousness and our life, but also the assurance that our bodies shall yet be just like His and that we shall reign with Him (I Cor. xv, 23; Phil. iii, 21; Rev. v, 9, 10).

5. "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." Jesus does the saving and the keeping, and we do the trusting and obeying. See how we are kept in Jude 1; Rom. xiv, 4; Isa. xli, 13. Salvation is ours now if we have received Christ. We are also day by day working it out, and yet we are waiting for it, for it is every day nearer than when we believed (II Tim. i, 9; Phil. ii, 12, 13; Rom. xiii, 11). It is a threefold salvation. We have eternal life, we are manifesting that life, and we expect the glorified body and the joys of the kingdom.

6. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." We will surely rejoice if we believe the facts, but not otherwise, for joy and peace come only by believing (Rom. xv, 13). Jesus told us that we must expect tribulation, but that we may have peace (John xvi, 33). Paul testifies that it is possible to be joyful, yea, even exceeding joyful, in tribulation (Rom. v, 3; II Cor. vii, 4).

7. "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." It is a most profitable study to meditate on the word "precious" in these two epistles (I Pet. i, 7, 19; ii, 4, 7; II Pet. i, 1, 4). Faith that cannot endure is very questionable faith. We must steadfastly believe and wait patiently till He come (Jas. v, 7, 8; I Cor. iv, 5). Then we shall see how all our light afflictions have been working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory (II Cor. iv, 17).

8. "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Some think that if they could only see Him they would love Him, but He said, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed" (John xx, 29). To faith unseen things become very real and may be enjoyed almost as a present possession. The city which Abraham looked for, and the recompense of the reward which sustained Moses, and the glory to be revealed which Paul saw, were wondrously real to them and will be to us if we only believe (Heb. xi, 10, 26, 26; Rom. 8, 18).

9. "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." This is not very clear unless it refers to the joy which comes from the assurance of present salvation, which is an earnest and a pledge of the completest salvation at the revelation of Christ. The "now" of the previous verse would point that way. It is our privilege to rejoice that we are the children of God and partakers of the glory to be revealed (II Tim. i, 2; I Pet. v, 1; I John iii, 2).

10. "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you." See Dan. ix, 2, 3; x, 12, 21. To search diligently seems to be the sense of John v, 39, and not any careless reading or superficial study, rather a constant day and night meditation as in Ps. i, 2—a prayerful and persevering comparing of Scripture with Scripture in absolute dependence and reliance upon the Holy Spirit.

11. "Searching what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." Here is the fact stated that the Spirit of Christ was in the prophets and may give some light upon chapter iii, 18-20, for the Spirit of Christ was in Noah. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy" (Rev. xix, 10). Here is also the fact that the burden of prophecy is the sufferings of Christ and the glory yet to be revealed. See this illustrated fully in Ps. xxii and Isa. liii as specimen chapters. By His sufferings we are now redeemed, but we wait for the glory to be revealed.

12. "Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us, they did minister the things which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, which things the angels desire to look into." Here are prophets and apostles, in the power of the Holy Spirit, ministering unto others. Angels also are ministering spirits. Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister (Math. xx, 28), and if we are filled with His spirit it will be our delight to live to be channels of blessing to others. Some things we, like the prophets, may have to pass on to others without fully comprehending them, the full understanding being only for millennial or later days.

LOUISE MICHEL AGAIN.

She Has Views, Red, but Not Ornate, on All Prevailing Social Problems.

Louise Michel, "the red virgin of the commune," who has been out of the public vision for a number of years, has again been heard from, this time in London, where she went recently in search of a publisher for a book of stories she has written under the title of "The Red Century." She is getting to be an old woman now, being about 63 years old, but has not lost a jot of her revolutionary ideas. She thinks the anarchist movement in a fair way to ultimate success and declares the repressive measures of the European governments to be worthy only of derision. Bomb explosions, according to her theory, are the best means of propaganda, the number killed being always small in proportion to the good done. Wholesale arrests, she thinks, help the cause.

LOUISE MICHEL.

Louise said, in reference to the United States, that the anarchist cause was in a flourishing condition. Bombs had not recently been used here because the country is young and the evils there have not become firmly rooted, needing no violence to cure them. The execution of the men convicted of connection with the notorious Haymarket affair in Chicago had converted more persons to anarchism than thousands of incendiary speeches could have done. She thinks the little trouble in Morocco an instance of an oppressed people fighting against vicious power.

She has a good word for London, and says that in spite of the brutality which is to be seen there sometimes "one feels that a man there has more consciousness of his dignity, and there is in the laws a greater respect for human liberty." Of a school which she attempted to found, but which perished for lack of funds, she said that her idea was by teaching languages to little children of different nations to put them in a position to understand each other, "so that, little by little, through communion of ideas, nations should begin to hate each other less and finally to love one another."

Mlle. Michel has a less ideal but much more practicable scheme on hand now. It is to establish a sort of soup kitchen in Paris where the homeless poor can obtain something to eat and find some sort of shelter for the night. Whether she will distribute bombs with the soup or deliver anarchist harangues to the recumbent tramps in the dormitory does not yet appear, but it is hard to see how else she can make her benevolent project square consistently with her peculiar political and economic theories.

No Fuller.

The man was driving a sorry old horse along the road, hitched to a light wagon, when he met a chap from town.

"Mister," he said, "air you from the city?"

"Yes."

"What do you think this horse of mine ought to bring there?"

"He ought to bring a load of wood or truck, I should say," laughed the traveler.

"But he won't," sighed the owner, never letting on he saw the joke, "and that is why I want to sell him."—Detroit Free Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Books

Novelties!

Our Stock is Now Complete.
COME AND SEE IT.
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Our Goods New.
Come and Look Over Them
Before You Buy Elsewhere.

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Toys!

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Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, including a fine assortment of Book Cases, Sideboards, Hall Racks, Fancy Rockers, Etc., Etc., suitable for Christmas Gifts.

These hard times compel us to raise considerable money to pay up our indebtedness. Our entire stock is offered at less than cost. Now is your time to save one-half on your purchases.

A Few of Our Special Bargains:

A handsome Quartered Oak Book Case and Writing Desk, never sold for less than $30, you can buy it now for $18.

A fine Ladies' Desk, worth $18, now $10.25.

A fine Quartered Oak Sideboard, finest plate, worth $35, now $17.50.

A fine fancy Rocker, worth $10, now $5.25.

A handsome 7-piece Bedroom Suit, worth $38, now $21.

The very finest All-wool Carpets, worth 90c a yard, for 60c.

A fine 6-piece Crushed Plush Parlor suit, worth $45, now for $27.25.

And hundreds of other Bargains. Everything goes at the same proportionate discount.

Come early and get the best to select from.

This is the best investment you can make. You can furnish your house for

ONE-HALF

what it would cost you four months ago.

CHICAGO FURNITURE CO.
109 CALHOUN STREET.

THE : TRAVELERS' : INSURANCE : CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Assets, $12,245,000. Losses Paid, $19,500,000.
Accident Insurance, Life Insurance, Elevator Insurance, Employers' and Public Liability Insurance. The Best and Safest in the World.
SIDNEY C. LUMBARD, Agent.

OCTOBER, 1893.

I Invite You to Inspect My Fall
Selections in

Suitings,
Trowserings,
Fancy Vestings,
Overcoatings,

Including all the leading modes now fashionable in London and New York. These I am prepared to make up in the accepted styles, which you will find illustrated at my place on the latest American fashions for 1893.

A. FOSTER,
NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

+ FOR +
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

We Offer the Following:

Rogers' Silver Plated Table Cutlery.
Carving Sets.
Pocket Knives.
Wash Machines.
Wringers.
Clothes Racks.
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Boys' Express Wagons and Tool Chests.
Turning Lathes.
Scroll Saws and a complete line Mechanics' Tools.

Don't fail to examine the Celebrated Standard Sewing Machine which won the First Prize at the World's Fair.

Pfeiffer & Schlatter,
Nos. 38 and 40 E. Columbia St.
Phone No. 86.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

J. C. PELTIER,
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Office Telephone No. 2
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BOOK BINDERY.

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Estimates Will be Furnished on All Kinds of Work Upon Application.

FT. WAYNE LOAN OFFICE, Est'd 1876. Tried, Fire Tested. Money, any amount loaned on VALUABLES.

We deal in DIAMONDS, WATCHES, Carpets, Musical Goods, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE IN INDIANA. HORACE MARIOTTE, PAWNBROKER, 30 East Columbia Street.

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PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters.
48 East Main St.,
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PAUL E. WOLF
UPHOLSTERER OF
Fine Parlor Suits,
Easy Chairs, Rockers,
Single Lounges, Bed Lounges,
All kinds of Couches
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183 CALHOUN STREET

ROOT & COMPANY,

BLACK -:- GOODS DEPARTMENT!

We always sell during the Holiday Season a great number of Black Dress Fabrics.

WE INAUGURATE, TOMORROW, A SPECIAL SALE

—In this department, reducing the cost on—

FIRST-CLASS - HENRIETTAS !

All black, made of choice Australian Wools—Five numbers we call special attention to

5o, 6o, 65, 75, 85c.

Give your present from one of these. You got a good one.

AT 50c PER YARD.

We are showing a choice line of

Satins and China Silks.

All colors, for Fancy Work.

NOTE:—These are all fine even textures and all excellent widths.

Another line—The third line of those

Fine All Wool Gray Blankets,

At $4.75 a pair.

The Greatest Blanket in the Market.

ROOT & COMPANY,

Stanton's Photos are the best.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable fortune teller and clairvoyant in the world. Office and residence, 28 Chicago street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 50 cents. 4tf

Silver Wedding Flour is the best. 18tf

A full and complete line of pure, French Candies, at

Shelby & Co.,
7-3t 96 Calhoun Street.

Everybody uses Silver Wedding Flour 18tf

The Sunny South

Tourist rates via the popular Nickel Plate road. See ticket agents.

700 pairs Men's Working Shoes, regular prices, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. We are closing out at 20 per cent. discount.

CHICAGO SHOE STORE,
9-2t 20 Calhoun Street.

"Fashion Wears Out More Apparel Than The Man,"

THATS just where good Ready-Made Clothes—OUR KIND—make their mark. The saving is considerable—satisfaction equal to the best custom work. You'll find our clothes everywhere—in business in society—in church—wherever fashionable people gather. Experience taught us the trade—and experts can't find a flaw in our work. The fit is our strong point. If you've never tried us—DO, ONCE—and you will again.

We are still selling those fine ALL WOOL SUITS, made by Hammerslough Bro's for Eleven Dollars. You cannot find their equal in any other store in the city at Fifteen Dollars. Now is your time to buy.

SMOKING JACKETS.

HABERDASHERY!

TISN'T one man in a hundred knows just what he wants when he starts out to buy Furnishings—all depends on what suits his fancy. We get our ideas—and our stock—from the first fashioners of the world. The

LATEST and the BEST

is always here—everything that finishes off a toilet for street or dress. We carry the variety of two or three good sized stores—but all our living does not hang on these profits—so we ask less.

LADIES, if you're looking for a suitable gift for a gentleman friend you should see our line of Furnishings.

MACINTOSH COATS.

OUR PRIZE PUZZLE.

A few people who have tried to work the puzzle without success are of the opinion that it cannot be done. In answer to these and all others we will say that we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Boyer in which he states that it can be done and according to instructions as printed on the card. We would be greatly pleased to have somebody solve this puzzle and win the prize. If it is not solved by January 15, we will donate the $50.00 to some charitable institution in this city. Puzzle Cards are free at our counters.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY DEC. 9, 1893.

Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 175. Where delivery is irregular or is late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.

Telephone 650.

To make it more convenient for those desiring to send items of news to The Sentinel, we have placed an extra telephone in the editorial rooms. The number is 650. Anything in the news line will be gladly received over this new wire.

The Weather.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Sunday.—For Indiana:—Showers today and tonight; clearing Sunday; cooler Sunday; winds becoming northwesterly.

NEWS NOTES.

Dr. George L. Greenewald has removed to his new residence, northeast corner of East Wayne and Clay streets.

Robert Mantell, the famous actor, supported by a large and powerful company, will present the great French romantic drama, "Monbars," at the Masonic Temple next Wednesday night. The event will be a great one and will bring out our best class of theater goers.

There was no police court this morning.

Dick Weller is among the number of victims of la grippe.

Earl Bonneville, day clerk at the Wayne, is on duty again, after a serious illness.

Mrs. David Sutton, of Creighton avenue, is quite ill with a serious abscess of the ear.

Louis Meyer, formerly of Churubusco, Ind., has accepted a position with Friend's Enterprise clothiers.

Gottleib Niemann, of the firm of Meyer & Niemann, who has been seriously ill, is reported some better today.

There will be a German entertainment at the German Conversational school, No. 11 Arcade, next Thursday evening.

Wm. Holam, now of Coverdale & Archer's, will on Monday take a position with the B. W. Skelton Cracker company.

R. L. Romy went to Eaton on the 4 o'clock train yesterday afternoon to close the sale and make out the deeds of the 161 lots in that town, sold by Romy & Bobilya.

Rev. A. K. Zartman will preach the dedicating sermon at a church dedication in Williams county tomorrow. His pulpit will be filled by Secretary McCaughey, of the city Y. M. C. A.

The musical and literary society of the International Business college will give a charity concert on Thursday evening, Dec. 21, in the college hall, the proceeds of which will be given to the Santa Claus fund.

Congressman McNagny writes The Sentinel requesting us to say that all persons who desire to have garden seeds sent to them should send their names and address to him at Washington and he will try to supply them.

Harry Markham and wife left last night for Toronto, Canada, where they have an engagement to join a good theatrical company now showing at that place. Mr. Markham is one of the best of actors and always won plaudits on the stage in this city.

J. H. Tibbles, who has been confined to his home for some weeks with illness, was out again yesterday for the first. At the meeting of the National Union last evening he was re-elected treasurer, a position he has filled with credit to himself for several years.

Last evening a fair sized audience listened to a lecture on "Ultimate America" by Dr. J. M. Driver, of Columbia City. The lecture was one of the very best. Dr. Driver's theme is one that warms the heart of every loyal American and his oratory was most enjoyable. The speaker said he was an optimist with his face toward high noon, and pictured in magnificent language our country when the evils, now so threatening, shall have been overcome.

Ovide Musin, the greatest of violinists playing in public today, will appear in our city next Thursday at the Masonic Temple. Ovide Musin is such a wonderful violinist that he pleases all classes with his magnetic playing. He is supported by a most excellent troupe, composed of Annie Louise Tanner-Musin, Miss Bessie Bonsall, Mr. F. W. Elliott and Mr. Edward Scharf. Mme. Tanner-Musin is almost as well known as her husband, her magnificent soprano voice having won for her lasting renown.

The Kimball Opera company presented their new operatic burlesque, "Hendrick Hudson, or the Discovery of Columbus, at the Masonic Temple this afternoon, and will repeat it tonight. The company embraces sixty people, with the peerless Corinne at the head. The staging of the play is of the finest, the spectacular effect of some of the pictures being grand, and the bright, pretty, catching music and songs new and original. The attraction will get a good house tonight and the audience will be pleased with the performance.

The executive committee of the Citizens' Charity organization met yesterday afternoon in the city hall. It was decided that each member of the committee consider himself a committee of one to talk with the township trustee and with the heads of the various charitable societies already organized. It is intended that the committee thoroughly post itself in just what is needed by the poor in order that aid may be raised in a systematic manner. The individual reports will be presented next Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the meeting of the executive committee in the city hall.

For Christmas Cakes.

Citron and Currants lower than they have been in twenty years.

New Leghorn Citron, 15c lb.
New Zantee Currents, 4c lb.
Best California Raisins, 8c lb.
Lemon and Orange Peel, 12 lb.
Sicily Shelled Almonds, 30c lb.
New Mixed Nuts, 12½c qt.

Fruit House.

NOTICE.

We want everybody to come and examine our Beautiful Display of Holiday Goods, Books and Toys, which is now open and ready. Come and select your goods now. We store them free of charge.

SIEMON BROS.,
5eod2t 50 Calhoun St.

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Dressed Poultry Down.

Nice Fat Turkeys, 10c lb.
Nice Drawn Chickens, 8c lb.
Drawn Geese, fat, 8c lb.
Standard Oysters, 20c; Best Selects, 25c can.

Fruit House.

A fine line of Fall and Winter Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings at prices to suit the the times.

PERRY N. DE HAVEN,
23-d&tf 34 E. Berry St.

Lathrop & Co., successors to C. S. Wharton, have a fine line of French China, Dolton and Royal Worcester Holiday Goods, at prices the lowest ever offered to the trade. 68 Calhoun Street. 7-2

To make a nice Xmas present, get a pair of Worch's Spectacles. 9-2t

Butter Down 2c Pound.

Best Roll Butter, 22c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 22c dozen.
Best flour, Orff's, or City Mills, in barels or sacks, $2.75 per barrel.

Fruit House.

New York State Sweet Cider.

Just received a car lot. The best and last pressing of the season. Wholesale or retail.

Chas. A. Hoffman,
8-2t 183 and 485 Calhoun St.

700 pairs Men's Working Shoes, regular prices, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. We are closing out at 20 per cent. discount.

CHICAGO SHOE STORE,
9-2t 20 Calhoun Street.

For Sale.

A lot of Baggage, Band Sleighs, Runners and Bobs at 'Bus Barn.

7-3t Powers & Barrett.

Lamps of all kinds, Dinner Sets, Haviland China in white and decorated. A bewildering assortment of the finest goods in the market.

LATHROP & CO.,
Successors to C. S. Wharton, 68 Calhoun Street. 7-9

Car Michigan Potatoes just received, 65c bushel.

Car Michigan Onions just received, 60c bushel.

Car Florida Oranges, 15c doz.; $2.25 box.

Car Mentone Flour, $2.75 bbl.
Cranberries, 6c quart.
Bananas, 10c doz.
Rabbits, 15c apiece.
Everything good and cheap, at

The Market,
4 and 6 Harrison Street.

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Ladies' Watch Chains at Voirol's.

Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9-10

Gold Spectacles, from $4 to $10. Eyes examined free.
9-2t **WORCH, the Optician.**

Special Christmas

With friends on the Nickel Plate excursion rates. 8 9 15 16 22 23 29 30w3t

Silver Carving Sets, F. J. Voirol's.

Opening of the First Regiment Band Fair at Old Engine House tonight.

Silver Tea Sets at **F. J. Voirol's**

Pure Cream Candies, the finest in the city, at Shelby & Co.,
7-3t 96 Calhoun Street.

Beautiful Parlor Clocks at **Voirol's.**

Opening of the First Regiment Band Fair at Old Engine House tonight.

Stanton's Photos are the best.

Go to Shelby & Co for Choice Candies, the finest made in the city. 90 Calhoun street. 7-3t

Opening of the First Regiment Band Fair at Old Engine House tonight.

Silver Knives and Forks at Voirol's.

Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9-10

Ladies' Gold Set Rings at Voirol's.

M. F. KAAG,

For ♦ Holiday ♦ Trade.

**Haviland China,
**Decorated and Plain White,
**Banquet and Hanging Lamps,
**Chamber Sets,
**Jardiners,
**Tea and Dinner Sets.

Cheapest Place
To Buy
In the City.

No. 5 East Columbia St

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

Initial Rings at F. J. Voirol's.

Opera Glasses at cost.
WORCH, the Optician,
9-2t **97 1-2 Calhoun St.**

Through palace sleeping cars to Kansas City via the Wabash. 9-10

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Saturday Afternoon and Night, Dec. 9th.

THE PEERLESS

CORINNE

Supported by the Kimball Opera Comique Co.

60---PEOPLE---60

In a Sumptuous production of

HENDRICK HUDSON!

Seats on sale today.
Prices 25c to $1.00.
Matinee Prices, 25, 50 and 75c.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Wednesday, Dec. 13,

Annual Appearance of Mr.

ROBERT MANTELL,

Supported by a Large and Powerful Company,

When will be Presented by Special Request, D'Ennery's Masterpiece, the Great French Romantic Drama,

MONBARS.

Beautiful Costumes!
Charming Music!
A COMPLETE PRODUCTION.

Seats on Sale Monday.

Prices, $1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.

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29 East Washington St.,

MISS E. RODENBECK.

Just received, an elegant line of ornaments, in all the latest designs. Also a full line of Switches, Bangs, Hair Dyes and Cosmetics

Hair Jewelry Made to Order.
Hair-dressing and Shampooing.

Wood & Coal!

At Lowest Prices and the Best Goods.

Prompt attention on all orders, large or small.

G. H. KRUDOP,
Corner Francis and Hayden Streets

RUPTURE CURED!

By the Dr. DeSouchet System. We guarantee to cure 90 per cent. of all reducable hernias without the use of the knife.

NO Pain.
NO detention from business.
NO Pay Until Absolutely Cured.

Now is the time to get cured, and discard your truss forever.

Call and get references of cases cured. Time required to cure—from two weeks to two months.

DR. J. M. McCLELLAN,

New York Specialist,

Room 16, Arcade, Fort Wayne, Ind

Some Very Suitable

XMAS

PRESENTS,

Which we are selling very reasonable.

Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes,
Watch Chains, Scarf Pins.
Silk and Satin Embroidered Suspenders
Lined and Unlined Gloves,
Umbrellas, Canes
Mackintoshes, Mufflers,
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs
Handkerchiefs, Underwear,
Hosiery, Neckwear,
Hats and Caps, Valises.

WM. MEYER & BRO.,

NO. 34 CALHOUN STREET,

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND READING.

NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Jennie Ray Ormsby teaches classes Monday and Thursday afternoon from 1.30 to 3.30 o'clock.

Room 2nd floor Sentinel Building 107 Calhoun street.

Evening class formed if desired. Private lessons given.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Indianapolis.

D. M'ARTHUR, Representative,
11-16-1m Randall Hotel

Low rates to California, via the Wabash. 9-10t

The Most Attractive Stock in The City.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

The Most Attractive Store in The City.

GRAND DISPLAY

—of—

HOLIDAY - GOODS !

The Big Store Filled to Overflowing with Choice and Beautiful Holiday Goods of Every Conceivable Kind.

Prices—of Course—Lower Than Anywhere Else.

SOME ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE OFFERINGS

In Handkerchiefs.

1,000 dozen Ladies' Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, at 15c each, worth 25c.

1,000 dozen Finest Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, at 25c each, worth 50c

1,000 dozen Initial Handkerchiefs, at 5c, 6¼c, 10c, 15c and 25c.

500 dozen Ladies' Embroidered China Silk Handkerchiefs, at 25c; worth 50c.

500 dozen Initial and Embroidered Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs at 15c, 19c, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

These represent only a tithe of our immense stock.

In Fancy Articles.

An endless variety of

Silk head Rests at 25 and 50c.

Sachet and Handkerchief Sets at 25c, 50c and $1.00.

Silk Throws and Tidies at 50c, 75c and $1.00.

An elegant assortment of

Leather and Fancy Pocket Books, Cigar Cases, Chateline Bags, Shopping Bags, Etc., at 25c, 35c, 50c and $1.

Figured Silks for Fancy Work, 32 inches wide, at 60c a yard, worth 75c.

An immense line of

Ribbons, Laces, Scarfs, Art Squares and Stamped Goods of all descriptions.

Perfumery in Fancy Bottles or by the Ounce.

Etc, Etc, Etc.

In Holiday Goods.

Collar and Cuff Boxes at 25c, 50c, 75c, and $1.00

Work Boxes at 50c, 75c, $1.00, and $1.25.

Manicure Sets at 50c, 75c, $1.00.

Smoking Sets at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

Toilet Sets at $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, and up to $20.00

Photograph Albums at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

In Dolls.

An endless variety in Kid Body Jointed, Dressed and Undressed Dolls, at 10c, 15c, 25c, 39c, 50c, 75c and $1.

In China and Glassware.

Cups and Saucers at 10c, 12½c, 15c and 25c.

Milk Sets, Plate Sets, Cracker Jars, Pitchers, Plates, etc., etc., at all prices.

In Books and Games.

Juvenile Books and Games, 1,000 kinds, at 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

1,000 Fine Bound Books, by leading authors at 12½c.

1,000 "Oxford Edition" Books, finely bound, 25c, regular price 45c.

1,000 "The Home Library" at 50, worth 75c.

Every department is filled with a choice assortment of goods for the holiday trade. We have only hinted at a few leading things, but invite an inspection of the rest—it will surely repay you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

Best Lighted Store in the city.

Store Open Every Evening Till Christmas.

A MUFF FREE!

+ SPECIAL SALE +

A MUFF FREE!

OF USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS, STARTING DECEMBER 11th.

Bear in Mind You Will Find Every Article as You Read it Below.

Read Every Item! They are All Money Savers!

Dress Goods!

1,000 yds. Columbian Serge in all colors, worth 35c per yard, this sale 20c

1,200 yds of dark Worsted Plaid, 44 inches wide, considered a bargain at 40c this sale 25c.

1,080 yds stripe or plaid, all wool suiting 38 inches wide, good value at 50c, this sale only 29c

A line of all wool diagonal suiting, 50 inches wide, regular price 75c per yd., this sale 50c

Our entire dress goods stock will be sold at the same ratio, including all those beautiful novelties.

DOMESTICS!

Best Prints, 5c per yard

Extra quality Unbleached Muslin, yard wide, 5c per yard.

Cream Outing Flannel 5c per yard.

Toilet Crash, in bleached and unbleached, 4c per yard.

An all linen Unbleached Crash, 5c per yard.

Marseille Quilts, extra quality, size 11-4, for $1.00, were $1.25.

Honey Comb Quilts, Marseille pattern, full size 98c.

Elegant quality Glass Toweling, 7c yard.

$1.25 all wool skirt, large size, in this sale $1.00

6-4 Chenille Table Covers, former price of which was $2.25, in this sale, $1.75.

FANCY GOODS!

Easel Scarfs, Fancy Fringes, Wash Embroidery Silks, Leather Purses, chatelaine Bags, Picture Frames, Cuff and Collar Boxes, White Metal Silverware, in Spoons, Knives Forks, Napkin Rings, Etc., Soaps and Toilets of all descriptions, Hemstitched Cloths and Sets, Doilies, Scarfs, Table or Piano Covers, Stamped Momie Goods, Fancy Centre Scarfs, Etc.; a full line of Spachtel Stitched Linen in Doilies, Tidies, Scarfs, etc., with or without embroidering, Shopping Bags, Facinators in all colors, Cigar Cases, Hair Pin Boxes, Fancy Hair Pins, Lace Tidies, etc., etc.

Aprons!

Ladies' Lawn Aprons, large size, hemstitched and lace trimmed at 25c.

Extra size fancy embroidered, hemstitched, tucked and fancy figured aprons, at 30 and 40c.

Children's Caps!

Just received, a new line of all the very latest things in Cashmeres, silk, velvet, plush eiderdown caps, from 25c upwards.

Shirts!

Gents unlaundried shirts, splendid quality muslin, extra well made and positively the best shirt ever offered at 50c. We also carry a 75c and $1.00 grade that are sold everywhere for $1.00 and $1.25.

Gloves!

This is something always appreciated by a lady. Our assortment is immense. Our $1.00 glove has no equal in the city, in all the latest colorings.

Umbrellas!

Our holiday line is perfectly beautiful. All the very latest things in handles can be seen here, prices ranging from $1.00 up.

Ribbons!

This department contains all kinds, all colors and all widths you may ask for. SPECIAL—All silk, satin gros grain ribbon, number 12 for 15c and number 9, for 12½c per yard.

Silks!

Black Faille, $1.65 quality, this sale, $1.29 yard.

Black Luxor, $1.65 quality, this sale, $1.29 yard.

Black Bengaline, $1.40 quality, this sale, $1.19 yard

Such marked-down prices you will find through the whole stock.

Carpet Department!

Special prices on Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Rugs, Comforters, Blankets, Etc. We have the exclusive sale of Bissell's Carpet Sweeper.

OUTER GARMENTS!

FREE FREE! FREE

Any person purchasing a wrap of any kind during this sale will be presented with a MUFF. • • • •

If it be a Fur Cape you get a Muff to match.

If it be a wrap trimmed with fur you get a Muff to match the fur.

Handkerchiefs!

This department was never more complete than at present and prices never so low. We will sell during this sale an elegant quality silk initial handkerchief, regular 75c number for 60c size 22x22.

NOTICE—Not more than three to a customer.

Hosiery and Underwear!

These two departments guarantee every woman, man or child a saving of 25c on every $1.00 worth they purchase.

Every Department Offers Special Inducements!

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS!

LOUIS WOLF & CO., ✻✻ 54 Calhoun Street.